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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT LET GO

AMAZING SCENE IN SPACE

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT LET GO

The Two Falling Men Who Caught Hold of Something A THRILLING TWO MINUTES

Those men who ride the steel girders the giant cranes swing high against the sky must have nerves like the steel they rivet in its place. Surely their nerve can never fail them, or they could not go on. But it snaps sometimes.

It snapped when two men, Harry Ogden and Fred Hargreaves, steel-erectors, were working on the steel frame of an extension which was being made to a cotton mill at Ashton-under-Lyne. Their platform was 140 feet from the ground, a dizzy height indeed for ordinary mortals, though it was all in the day's work for them and made neither man in the least uneasy.

In a Frightful Position

Then, in a flash, the nerve which sustained them in such a position was swept away by an accident. The narrow platform of the scaffolding where they stood at their task was slippery with the rain. Ogden's foot slipped. He reeled. He fell. He was falling off the scaffold to death, 140 feet below.

As he felt himself going he clutched at the leg of his mate. He just managed to grab it, and Hargreaves, his feet slipping from under him, followed Ogden to his doom—or it seemed that he must. But Hargreaves, also clutching fiercely at the nearest thing, managed to seize hold of the jib-crane rope while he was still falling. Of the two men in this frightful position Hargreaves kept his head the better. On the other hand, it was only by God's Providence that a rope was within his reach.

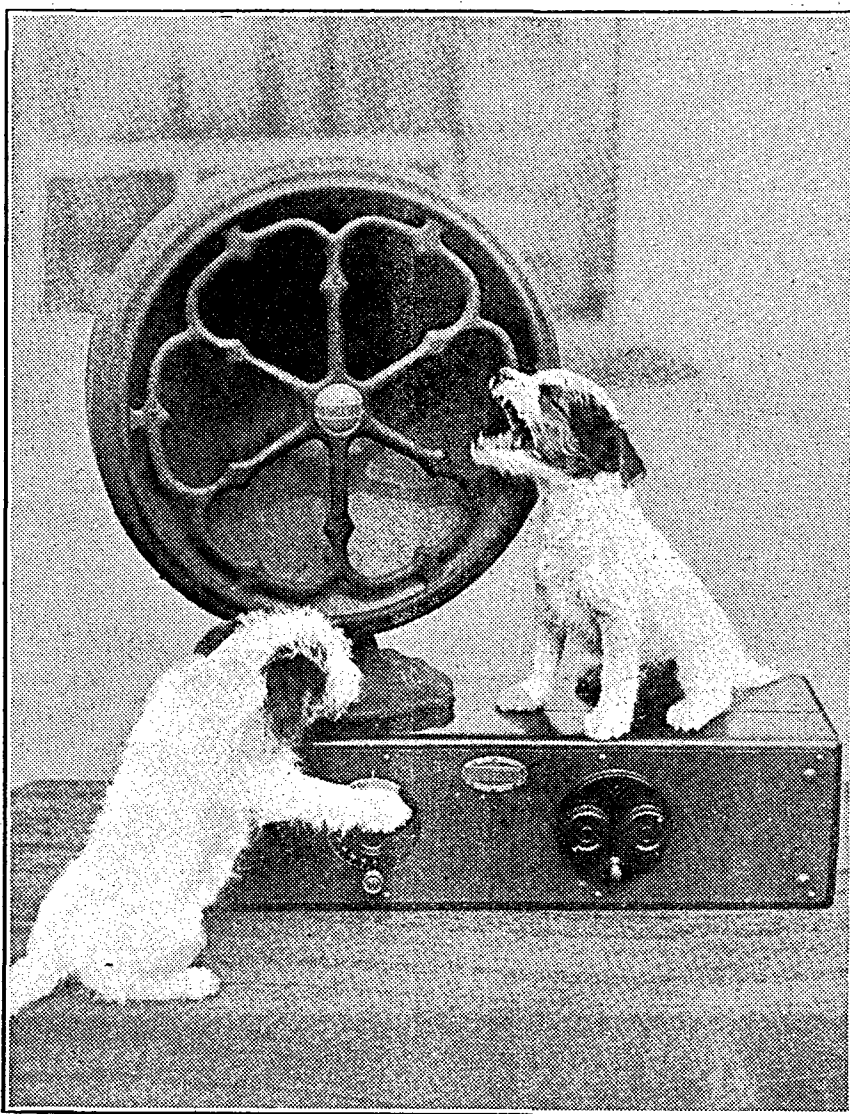
The Plunge Earthward

For a fearful instant it seemed that he had made a no better choice than Ogden, for the rope ran out for a few feet, and he and Ogden plunged earthward together till pulled up with a jerk. The crane was not locked, but as it chanced the rope ran out no farther.

Yet there they hung, their bodies nearly flung downward by that terrific jerk, Hargreaves clinging with both hands to the rope, Ogden holding on for dear life with both hands to Hargreaves's leg. How long could either last? Even had the unhappy Ogden had a thought to let go, so as not to drag his fellow-workman to destruction with him, we doubt if he could have done it. He was paralysed with the shock. His wits as well as his nerve had gone for the time being.

There was a gleam of hope. The plight of the two men had been perceived almost at once, for a good many men were employed on the steel-erection job. A group of them hastened to the scaffolding where Ogden and Hargreaves had been

Listening-In



Here are two puppies listening-in. One of them is howling to show that he does not appreciate the broadcast music, so the other seems to be trying to tune in another station.

working. But it was a tiny platform. It would not hold more than two men at a time, and two men were not strong enough to haul the others back.

They tried the crane. It had jammed and would not work, and the seconds were running out. How much longer could Hargreaves last? Someone had an idea. They slung a rope over one of the steel girders and let it run down to the lower man for him to seize. But by this time poor Ogden was almost past help. He had only one thought in his mind, which was to cling with all his might to what he had got hold of, the leg that had saved him. He was too terrified to let go with one hand and seize the rope with the other. He shouted at his would-be helpers. But that was all.

The strain on Hargreaves was terrible. He plainly could not hold on to the rope much longer.

Then there arrived a man who had all his wits about him and all the courage that was wanted. There was another crane. Let that crane wind him up to Ogden and he would see what he could do. They wound him up from a lower platform swiftly, just in time.

He slung a rope round the terrified man and persuaded him to let go of the leg. Ogden was then hauled up to safety with his rescuer.

Then down went the labourer again to Hargreaves, wound the rope round him, and this poor fellow was also brought up to the platform. The correspondent who sends us this story says that of the two Hargreaves suffered most from strain and shock.

And, adds he, that's all. He does not even tell us the name of the labourer who thought of the rope trick. But perhaps that is because there is always a brave man in Lancashire when a brave man is wanted.

WAR OFFICE IN PEACE Growing the Wrong Way

It is a little startling to find that nine years after the war the staff of the War Office is increasing in numbers instead of decreasing.

In less than three years it has grown from about 7900 to about 9800. The staff at Headquarters, it is true, has diminished by about 200; it is in other directions that the increase has occurred.

NEW BABIES AT THE ZOO

THE BABOON AND THE LION

The Very Sad Case of Two Fathers

A TRAGEDY OF MONKEY HILL

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo has two new babies, a lion cub and a baby baboon, both born in the menagerie.

The lion cub was born at the beginning of November, but as Fay, the mother, had had other babies, of which nothing was ever seen or heard, the arrival of this little creature was kept secret until Fay showed how she intended to treat her offspring. This time, however, Fay evidently wishes to show that she can be a model mother, and, hidden away in a quiet den at the back of the Lion House, she is tending her baby with the greatest care. Judging by the sounds that may be heard proceeding from the den, the cub is well and strong.

Toto and the Baby

No visitors are allowed near this Zoo mother, and even the keepers only venture to peep at Fay and the cub through a tiny hole at the back of the cage, for if the lioness were startled or annoyed in any way she would probably destroy her offspring. Toto, the father, is also banished, and, although visitors will be able to see the baby when it is about two months old, Toto will never be introduced to it.

It is doubtful if Fay's cub will be tame enough to be handled by visitors, for this lioness is a suspicious animal and unfriendly toward mankind, and even if her baby is taken away from her at an early age she will probably have had plenty of time to train it to be as suspicious as she is herself. But in spite of their unfriendly feelings toward visitors Fay and her baby will be a most attractive sight when they make their bow to the public at Christmas, for the large, fierce lioness plays with her striped cub just as a cat plays with her kittens on the hearth.

A Quaint Little Animal

The other Zoo baby is a sacred baboon, born on Monkey Hill. The date of this baby's birth is not known, but he can now be seen nestling against his mother as she sits gossiping with the other baboons, or clinging to her with his arms and legs when she leaps about the hill taking exercise. He is a quaint little animal, with a strangely wizened and careworn face that makes him look incredibly old.

This is the second birth that has taken place on Monkey Hill, but the first baboon baby had a very short life, for his father accidentally suffocated him by clasping him so tightly to his breast that the little one was quite unable to breathe.

THE DUST OF ST. PAUL'S

ITS BURIED MEMORIES

20 Centuries of History Under Wren's Great Dome

HERE LIES VAN DYCK

The overcrowding of Westminster Abbey with monuments and the difficulty of finding space for the future have led to the suggestion in the Press that St. Paul's Cathedral might fitly house new memorials. This proposal has brought an official reply that 14 years ago St. Paul's had to declare it impossible to permit the erection of further monuments on the main floor of the cathedral, and that no further memorials could be accepted for the crypt beyond small tablets till three years after the death of the person to be honoured.

Victims of Overcrowding

Thus the two most famous of our shrines prove the victims of a common policy of overcrowding with giant monuments, so that the limit has been more than reached at which space due to worshippers is encroached upon and the architectural beauties of the buildings are impaired. But in the case of St. Paul's if all the memorials and tombs were preserved the problem would be quite beyond solution.

The fact is that Wren's masterpiece is the third church which has occupied the site of St. Paul's, fire having destroyed its two predecessors. Before their day we had Saxon churches there; before that a Roman temple to Diana; and, earliest of all, a British structure in which our early ancestors worshipped their strange gods and performed their cruel rites.

A Roman Graveyard

When Sir Christopher Wren came to build on the ruins left by the Great Fire of London, he found Saxon coffins and tombs; beneath them British graves with the bone and wooden pins which had fastened the shrouds of those laid within; and Roman lamps, tear-bottles, urns, and other relics, proving the former existence of a Roman graveyard there.

The Great Fire, however, consumed the tombs of men famous in more modern times. John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," son, father, and uncle of kings, lay in the old choir; near him was buried the father of Francis Bacon; behind the high altar Sir Philip Sidney lay; and in Sidney's tomb, stealthily, at dead of night, Sir Francis Walsingham was laid.

Sidney and Walsingham

It is singular that the great national hero, Sidney, had to rest for over three months confined in the private house to which he had been brought from the Netherlands. His affairs were so involved and his creditors so many that until his estate could be cleared and the debts discharged Walsingham, his father-in-law, would not risk the almost imperial funeral that he had planned for the soldier-poet. And when noble Walsingham himself died he was so poor that his corpse was smuggled by night into Sidney's tomb.

Fire levelled all. The dust of Sidney was mingled with that of immortal Van Dyck, of Becket's father, of John Donne the poet-preacher, of Ethelred the Unready, and Sebba, King of the East Saxons. Their ashes are there to-day, beyond discovery, underlying the mausoleum of Wellington, the body of Nelson, and the body of Wren himself.

Two thousand years of history are embalmed in St. Paul's, and the Dean and Chapter do well jealously to guard against the intrusion of monuments to passing popularity within its sacred and storied walls.

TOUCHING TOES

A RICH MAN'S LAMENT

What Falstaff and Alice in Wonderland Could Not Do

AND WHAT ROB ROY COULD DO

Lord Derby is a very rich man; the sale of one portion of his property the other day brought him nearly two million pounds.

Yet the sight of a group of supple gymnasts makes him green with envy, he says, for they touch their toes without bending their knees, a painful triumph of which most of us are, happily, capable, but which he confesses has been beyond him since his boyhood.

Experts in physiology, however, point out that the feat may be hardly possible even to some people who are in constant training. We are not all symmetrical; excessive length of legs, coupled with undue shortness of arms, may render it impossible for finger-tips to meet with toes while the knees remain unbent.

Rob Roy's Advantage

If the point had been put to Sir Walter Scott he would have mentioned that one of his heroes, Rob Roy, had an unfair advantage in the matter. For Rob had extraordinarily long arms; without bending his back he could fasten his garters; and he gartered below the knee! To touch his toes would have caused Rob no more trouble than for many of us to touch our knees.

But Alice, in her Wonderland hours, temporarily shared Lord Derby's difficulty, though from a different reason. She grew so tall after eating one of the magic cakes that she lost touch with her feet, which were almost out of sight.

Alice's Difficulty

"Oh, my poor little feet! (she exclaims). I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now? I'm sure I shan't be able to! I shall be a great deal too far off to trouble myself about you; you must manage the best way you can."

Still, she must be kind to them, she remembered, so she resolved to send them a pair of boots every Christmas. The boots would have to go by carrier, she reflected, the way was so long, and would have to be addressed in some such fashion as:

Alice's Right Boot, Esq.,
Hearthrug, near the Fender.
(With Alice's love)

Shakespeare's Falstaff

But Lord Derby is 62, and not so tall and slim as Alice. Probably he may find comfort in the recollection that his disability links him, in a minor degree, with Shakespeare's Falstaff:

"... a goodly portly man
i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or inclining to three-score."

How long is't ago, Jack (asks Madcap Prince Hal in the days before Agincourt) since thou sawest thine own knee?

My own knee! (replies Sir John); when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring.

So we see that inability to touch the toes with unbent knees is not peculiar to our own age and stiffness, and that its causes may be various.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Brunelleschi . . .	Broo-nel-lace-ke
Lysias	Lis-e-ahs
Pisa	Pe-zah
Requiem	Re-kwe-em
Salzach	Zahlts-ahk
Sobieski	So-be-yes-ke

THREE WISE MEN THINKING

WHERE ARE WE DRIFTING?

Shall We Be Unable to Lift Our Heads to Heaven?

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE AND HIS ROBES

It seems worth while to pass on three things just said by three of our thinking public men. One has been Prime Minister, one is Lord Chief Justice, and the third has been Chancellor of the Exchequer, and is known as one of the most earnest democratic leaders of our time.

The Workman and His Work

My idea of a workman is a man who regards his work with exactly the same affection as he regards his wife. He sees in it something that is lovely, something attractive, something that gives his heart and soul the satisfaction of being in affectionate relation with him.

That was the old guild spirit. We are far removed from those days, when we made our beautiful English furniture, built our beautiful English cottages, designed our lovely old village churches. We can make factories now with a plumb-line, so many cubic feet, so many hundreds of bricks at so much a yard, made on an estimate, with a clerk of works keeping his eye on the cost.

Our hearts will be mechanised and crushed out. Those fine qualities of human nature which appreciate beauty, honesty, and honour by instinct will get weaker and weaker, until betting, gambling, loose living, and flashy and superficial pursuits will absorb more and more of the leisure of our lives, and we shall be less and less capable of lifting up our heads to Heaven and receiving inspiration. *Mr. Ramsay MacDonald*

Sitting in Court All Day

I do not see any reason why magistrates should not sit in robes. There is more in robes than meets the eye. A couple of years ago a deputation of barristers and lawyers from Canada and the United States came over to England, and they were much impressed by many things; not the least of which was the decorum and order observed in our courts of justice. I think that reticence and reserve are to some extent attributable to our wigs and robes.

It is a curious little sidelight on human nature, for I believe it is a fact that in many places where wigs and robes are not worn there is not the same civility and decorum upon which we rather pride ourselves.

If I were asked what are the two chief qualities required by a judge I should say patience and courage. I visited a pensioners' home at Winchester. Talking to one of the men, I asked him what he did with himself all day. "Well, sir (he replied), sometimes I sits and thinks, and sometimes I just sits." That describes a judge's day in the court perfectly. *The Lord Chief Justice*

A Pauper State?

Unless social reform develops a greater sense of individual responsibility and brings forth greater individual cooperation, our social reform measures will never establish a cooperative commonwealth, but will establish a pauper State.

If I were asked what I would say to the young man of the present generation I should warn him against what I regard as the most dangerous and menacing feature of the present time. That is a depreciation of the value, usefulness, honour, and dignity of honest work, a desire to get something for nothing, a desire to live at the expense of others.

Social reform will be a curse rather than a blessing unless the result is to call forth cooperation on the part of all those individuals upon whom it is conferred. *Mr. Philip Snowden*

40 HOURS ON HALF A SHIP

EXCITING SCENE AT A WRECK

The Long Fight For Life on an Oil Tank Cut in Two

SWEPT INTO THE SEA AND BACK

A tale of heroic perseverance and endurance comes from the Norfolk coast, where the Dutch oil tank steamer Georgia was wrecked on Haisborough Sands.

Haisborough Sands lie off the coast between Cromer and Yarmouth, with a lighthouse at either end. The lifeboatmen call them the Cemetery of the Seas. The Georgia stranded in a terrific north-easterly gale, and bumped so violently under the pounding of the waves that she broke her back. The two halves of the vessel were driven apart, with half the crew on each half, and those on either half gave up the others for lost.

Terrible Seas

Happily another Dutch steamer was able to get alongside the after half and take off the crew, but the forward half was more difficult to approach. Four lifeboats made the attempt again and again through two days and a night, but every time the terrible seas drove them back.

When at last the Cromer motor lifeboat, with a fine combination of daring and seamanship, did get alongside the tank steamer a heavy sea lifted it on to the gunwale of the wreck, and severely damaged it. But the crew held on, and one by one the 15 wrecked men jumped into safety.

For nearly 40 hours they had clung to the wheelhouse, drenched by every wave. Two of them were actually swept into the sea—and then swept back again! Throughout the night the destroyer Thanet, though unable to reach the wreck, fixed her searchlights upon it.

The Dash For Yarmouth

At one stage, when those on the spot despaired of effecting the rescue with the means at hand, a telephone appeal was made to the Board of Trade for a special rocket apparatus made by a Sutton firm, more powerful than any available on the coast. Immediately a fast car was chartered, which first picked up Board of Trade officials at the docks, then took aboard the rockets at Sutton, and then made a dash for Yarmouth, carrying out thoroughly the official instruction given them to disregard all speed limits!

At Gorleston Harbour the local lifeboat took the rockets out to the wreck, which the lifeboatmen hailed repeatedly, only to find that the crew had already been taken off.

They had met them, without knowing it, at the harbour mouth!

THINGS SAID

The war was a ghastly tragedy and a huge mistake. *Earl of Plymouth*

I rehearsed my first speech to a field of cows in Sussex. *Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith*

If we love our Bible and our Shakespeare there is hope for England. *Miss Lilian Bayliss*

If we license bookmakers, why not burglars? *Lord MacLay*

I think our economic loss due to noise must be a good deal over £1,000,000 a week. *Professor Spooner*

I have seen more painted faces in New York in one afternoon than in 35 years in Dakota. *Bishop of South Dakota*

I hope such a thing as a scrubbing-brush will not be known in our schools in two years.

Member of L.C.C. Education Committee

SECRET OF THE BATWAS

African Tribe and the Friendly Mosquito

A RIDDLE WITH NO ANSWER

The poor Batwa people of Africa, if they only knew it, have a chance of becoming great among the benefactors of mankind.

The Batwas are a tribe of Northern Rhodesia, so far from being warlike that long ago they took refuge in a swamp where even the most ferocious of African warriors thought it unwise to follow them. Clouds of mosquitoes rose up from the swamp, rising above the men's heads like a pillar of cloud by day and stinging them like a pillar of fire by night. The Batwas were never fighters, and the Lukanga mosquitoes always were. With their little lances they could hold up any invading army armed with assegai and knoberry. Even tanks and poison gas would not make much way with these pests.

Freedom From Malaria

Whether it has been through long association between the Batwa and the mosquito, or whether the Batwa has some peculiar oil or smell about his skin that mosquitoes do not fancy, the fact remains that (according to Professor C. M. Doke, who has been visiting the tribe to learn their language) the Batwa can go about his business quite fearless of the insects. The ordinary mosquito makes no impression on the Batwa; the female malarial mosquito either does not bite him or does not infect him. At any rate, there is no malaria among the Batwas.

In other ways life is not so easy for these poor black men. They live chiefly on fish, and for hours will stand patiently, spear in hand, waiting for passing barbel in the reeds of the water lanes, while the mosquitoes sing a merry song round their dark heads. Their other food appears to be a thick porridge, which they make from flour pounded from the dried roots of the water-lily.

A tedious and precarious existence; but if the rest of the world had their secret millions would sleep more restfully in their beds without the mosquito curtains that are needed from Labrador to the Baltic, from Venice to Vladivostok, and nearly everywhere except in a few favoured islands.

THE WAILING WALL

A Complaint From Jerusalem

English people would be very angry if a party of foreigners walked into a church or a chapel during service and made fun of the worshippers.

Yet people have been doing that sort of thing at the Wailing Wall outside the Temple of Solomon when the Jews assemble there to pray on the Sabbath.

It is almost unbelievable that people could behave so badly. The Jews have petitioned the High Commissioner for Palestine to forbid sightseers visiting the Wailing Wall at prayer-time, and we hope their request will be granted.

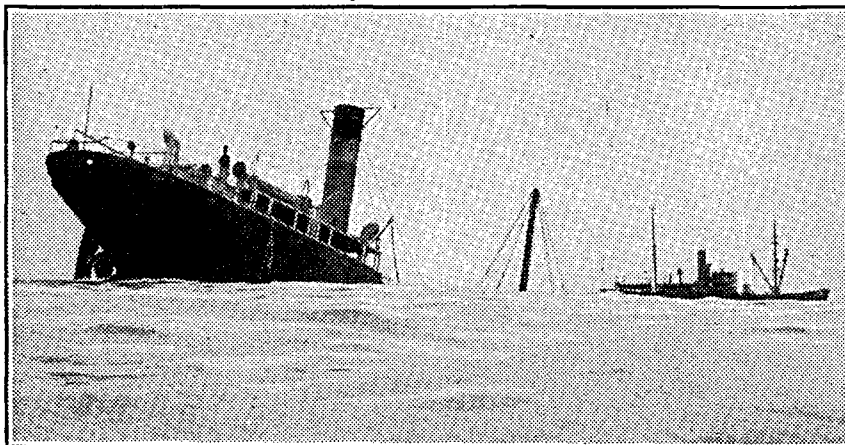
BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

There is an old printer of Preston upon whom Fortune has just played a jest.

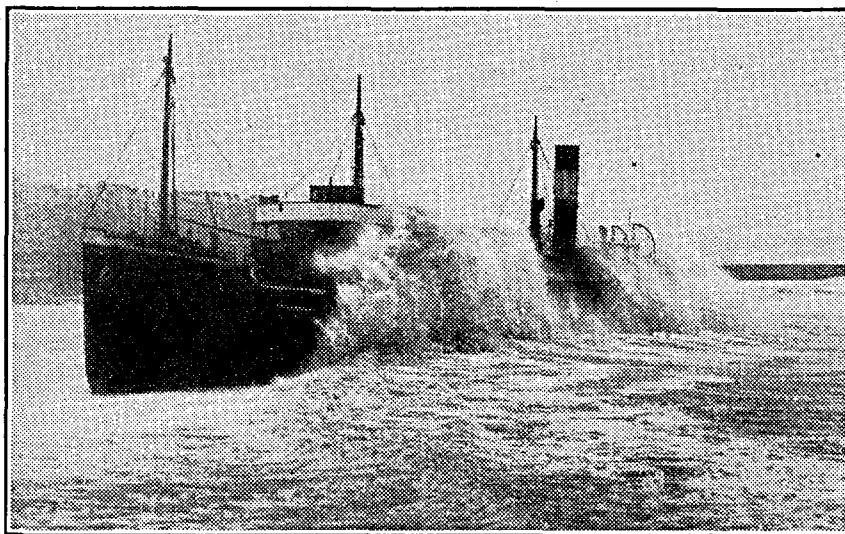
He once made a loan which for ever seemed gone, but the story comes to a happy ending when his money's return is pressed on him by a well-to-do stranger in the street.

"Are you not the Charlie Blank," jovially asks the stranger, "who lent me ten shillings in 1877?" The old printer, not to be outdone in cordiality, responded that he was the man. Whereupon the stranger pressed in his hand a ten-shilling note and, remarking that it was better late than never, passed on his way in the world.

THE WRECKS ROUND ENGLAND



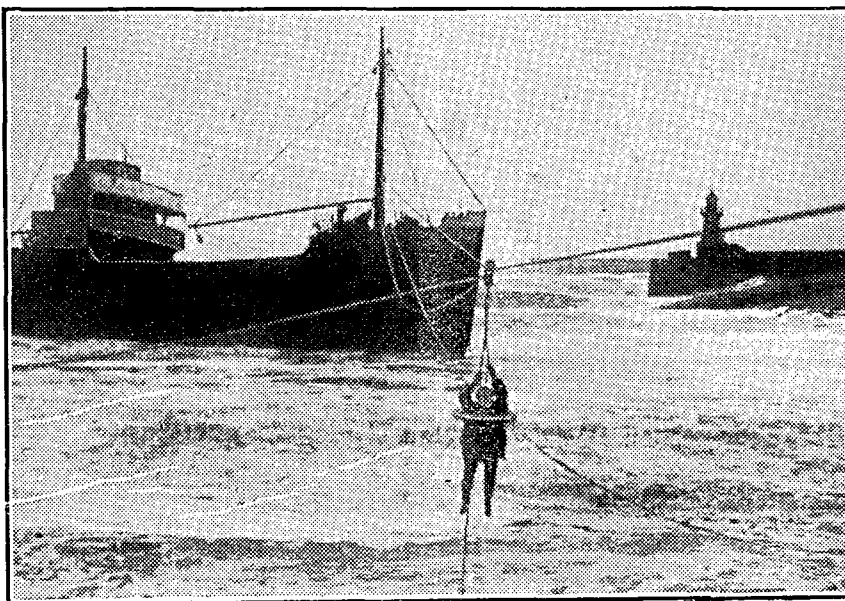
The stern half of the Dutch steamer Georgia, which broke in two off Yarmouth. See page 2



A steamer driven ashore at the mouth of the River Wear



A ship on the rocks off the coast of Northumberland



Rescuing the crew of a stranded vessel

An astonishing number of shipwrecks was caused by the gale which recently swept the country, and these pictures show some of the vessels that were driven ashore at various parts of the coast. Lifeboats made gallant rescues from ships in distress

PONTIUS PILATE

TALES TOLD ABOUT HIM

The Man Who Found No Fault in Jesus

SWITZERLAND'S FAMOUS MOUNTAIN

Snow is to Switzerland what sunshine is to English holiday resorts; it is essential to those who go pleasure-seeking in the winter Alps. So a note of rejoicing is to be observed in the telegram announcing that snow has fallen abundantly on Mount Pilatus.

Other days, other ways. The time has been when Pilatus, a mountain rising isolated and rugged from Lake Lucerne, inspired awe, not the holiday spirit, for legend associates it with Pontius Pilate. Driven in disgrace from Galilee by Tiberius, it is said, he fled to Europe, and, reaching Lucerne, climbed this forbidding mountain and committed suicide by throwing himself into a lake upon its summit.

What is Truth?

That is the comparatively modern form of a much more ancient story. The older version is that Pilate and his wife were in reality Christian converts, thus explaining the reluctance of the Roman governor of Judea to abandon Jesus to the ferocious passions of the Jews, and that Tiberius condemned Pilate and his wife for their heresy.

"What is truth?" Pilate asked Jesus. The Abyssinian Church believes that this legend is Truth, and Pontius Pilate is one of their saints. His wife is a saint of the Greek Church, by whom the tradition is accepted again as Truth. By them it is believed that Pilate was slain as a Christian, that his body was cast first into the Tiber and then into the Rhône, but, disturbing the waters of both, was carried hence to the deeps of Lake Lucerne and plunged into the gulf beneath Mount Pilatus.

Throughout the ages the pale, imaginary ghost of Pilate is made to wander. Even today, tradition has it, his troubled spirit rests not, for on Good Friday he rises from the water to wash his hands, as he washed them in the flesh at the trial of Jesus.

Mons Pileatus

What are we to make of the association between Pontius Pilate and the pleasure-seeker's mountain? The true name of the great mass should read Mons Pileatus, which is simply the Latin for a capped mountain, the cap being the clouds which envelop the summit. The name Pileatus comes from the Latin word for the cap given to a Roman slave set free.

The name Pilate is believed to indicate that Pontius Pilate was the son or descendant of a man who had been a Roman slave, as was Horace the poet, whose father was once a bondman, and as was Claudius Lysias, the chief captain who befriended St. Paul. "With a great sum obtained I this freedom," he said. "But I was free born," answered St. Paul.

Legend and Fancy

Thus ancient slavery and its cap of emancipation come into the name of a man and the name of a mountain with its cap of cloud, and legend and fancy wed the two to make the most thrilling of legends. Christian writers have busied themselves for two thousand years with the career of Pontius Pilate, but it was left to Anatole France to make him the central figure of a story.

There we see the veteran governor in retirement, recalling his receding memories of his rule in Galilee, the Jews and their customs, and a certain beautiful Jewess, Mary Magdalene. Someone asks if he remembers a certain reformer who was crucified, Jesus Christ. "Jesus Christ—I don't remember the name," is the reply put by the French novelist into Pilate's mouth.

THE DARK DAY OVER THE CITY

The Fog That Would Not Come Down

A NOVEMBER PHENOMENON

Every year London or Manchester or Glasgow has a dark day which surprises everyone except the Clerk of the Weather, who is never surprised at anything because he can always prove that it has happened before.

This dark day, when the sky is as black at midday as it ought to be at midnight, and all the lamps have to be lighted though there may be next to no fog in the streets, happens most often in November or December, but can happen as late as March. It happened for the first time this winter in London in November.

Though it is no great rarity, it is something of a weather puzzle. The odd thing about it is that, though it is so dark overhead, the streets are clear. It is an overhead fog. Why does it not form on the ground as other fogs do?

Smoke of the City

The easiest part of that question to answer is that these overhead fogs are town fogs, not country fogs. The smoke particles from tens of thousands of chimneys go straight up in the almost still air and mix with the moisture particles of the clouds. There they form a black fog, as they would if the clouds descended to the Earth.

But it is harder to say why, in air so nearly still that the clouds hang over the town all day, fog should not descend. The answer appears to be that the air at the Earth's surface is rather too dry for fog formation at the beginning of the day, but that at the height of the clouds there is some warm air coming in which is moister than the colder air at the Earth's surface.

Consequently, while there is not enough moisture for fog at the level of the houses, there is plenty for its formation higher up, as the air higher up is warmer than that at street level. Consequently the lower, colder air acts as a shield to prevent the warm, foggy air in the clouds from descending and bringing the black pall with it.

PARLIAMENT'S DARK HOUR

The Wooden Hut and the Palace of Westminster

A little wooden hut in St. John's Wood caught fire. The fire brigade was summoned, the fire hose began to spout, and the flow of eloquence in Parliament ceased. The lights had gone out.

Great events from little causes spring. The hut was near the electricity generating station of the Westminster Supply Corporation, which lights the Palace of Westminster and all the houses and shops in the borough as well as the hospitals. When it caught fire the flames were blown toward the generating station, and they burned the insulators of the cables running up the wall. There was a short circuit, the fuses were blown, and darkness descended on Westminster and Lords and Commons.

The resources of civilisation had backfired. Even Members of Parliament like to be seen as well as heard. Speakers burning with eloquence were quenched, and groped their way out of the House, lighting matches as they went.

In an hour the situation was restored, but before that time the Commons, not to be beaten, had lighted candles.

In other places the suspension of activity might have been more serious: at two hospitals, for example. At St. Mary's, Paddington, and at Westminster darkness descended on the operating theatre while a patient was there. At St. Mary's the surgeon's delicate task was completed by the light of an acetylene lamp.

A MAN IN A CRISIS

A Brave Thing Thomas Roberts Did

A brave man is Thomas Roberts. He is 65, and works as an engine driver at Sandgate pumping station, Barrow.

He was alone at the station the other day and had occasion to descend the well to adjust an air-pass. Part of the machinery caught his left arm.

The injured man dragged himself up two iron ladders with his one good arm, and then, instead of going off at once for medical aid, stopped the pumps lest anything should go wrong while they were unattended. Next he set out to find his mate, and told him to attend to the station. At last, his duty done, this plucky man went to hospital, where his mangled arm was amputated.

This quiet man of 65 had the same high notion of his trust as a knight of old guarding a king's door. The knight's task seems romantic and the workman's prosaic, but, after all, it is the same task. Each had been entrusted with a certain duty, and until that was discharged neither would think of himself.

JACOB'S LADDER

A Dream of Long Ago

The men who are digging up the history of the past in Palestine believe that they have come upon a very interesting place. They believe they have found the site of Bethel, the ancient place of Jacob's dream.

Israelite pottery and other relics of the time have been discovered quite near the surface, and the excavators are hopeful that the ground will yield them many treasures of knowledge. The place is twelve miles north of Jerusalem and some miles east of the road from Jerusalem to Nablus.

It will be thrilling to travellers in the future to be able to lie down in the sun and dream where Jacob dreamed; where

Jacob took the stones and put them for his pillows, and lay down to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven.

And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, The land whereon thou liest to thee will I give it. Thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed. Behold I am with thee; I will not leave thee.

And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he was afraid, and said, This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR THE NAVY

The Man Who Introduced It

Electric lighting is so much a matter of course today that it is difficult to realise how modern it is.

The man who introduced it into the Navy has just died at 75. He was Mr. Henry Edmunds, a friend of Mr. Edison, associated with him and Sir Joseph Swan in the early development of electric lighting. It was on his representation that the Admiralty installed electricity on H.M.S. Inflexible.

WINNERS OF THE NOBEL PRIZE

The Swedish Royal Academy has been awarding the Nobel prizes.

That for physics goes jointly to Professor Rees Wilson, of Cambridge, and Professor Arthur Compton, of Chicago. Dr. Wilson is known for his research work on atmospheric electricity, and Professor Compton for discoveries regarding the wave-lengths of X-rays.

The prize for literature, held over from last year, goes to an Italian woman novelist, Grazia Deledda, who has told of the primitive life of the people of her native Sardinia.

Each Nobel prize is now worth a little under £8000.

TWO WAYS WITH CRIME

Keeping People Out of Prison

REFORM OR PUNISHMENT?

Two interesting documents appeared side by side in the newspapers the other day dealing with the prevention of crime.

One was a statement by the Home Secretary, our Minister of Justice, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, on his tour of the prisons of England. The other was the new Italian Penal Code prepared by the Fascist Minister of Justice, Signor Rocco. The whole aim of the British Minister, with the full support of British public opinion, is to make as little use as possible of prisons. He would put young offenders under probation instead of imprisoning them, and where stronger measures are unavoidable he would reform them in Borstal institutions. He would treat the feeble-minded offender separately from the determined criminal.

The New Italian Code

Punishment apart from reformation has no place in the system he is trying to develop. Those whom we have no hope of reforming must be kept under conditions which shall do as little as may be to brutalise them further.

But punishment is the breath of life to the new Italian code. Italians, under the guidance of Lombroso and, later, of Professor Ferri, have taken an honourable part in the past in reforming criminal law. But the main tendencies of the new code are all repressive. Many new crimes are established, and punishments are heavily increased.

An English comment on the statement of our Home Secretary declares that the first business of society is to have laws which men do not wish to break and to provide social conditions which do not breed men to break them. Under Fascism laws are made without regard to whether men will wish to break them, and they are to be deterred from breaking them merely by the fear of themselves being broken.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A man in London has been identified by finger-prints wirelessly from Chicago.

More than a thousand Boy Scouts have been enrolled at Doncaster.

A little cripple boy of seven has come 4000 miles from Bermuda to be cured at the Treloar Hospital, Alton.

A fox terrier at Port Elizabeth the other day held a thief fast until the police arrived.

An Example From Finland

A travelling correspondent home from Finland tells us that all the trams in Helsingfors have boxes for used tickets.

The Children's Potatoes

Asked to bring one potato each for Mansfield Hospital, the school children responded so liberally that over six tons of potatoes were collected.

Smoking at the Wheel

Two lives were lost in a motoring accident in Kent caused by a driver throwing away the end of a cigarette.

New Comet

A new comet has been photographed at Hamburg University which is said to be 10,000 times fainter than a star which is just visible to the naked eye.

Your Old Magazines

The Editor would be glad if any C.N. readers who will be willing to post copies of My Magazine to missionaries would write to Miss Kirkpatrick, 15, Tufton Street, S.W.1.

What a Boy Can Do

A Danish boy who went to New Zealand at ten, unable to speak a word of English, has just died at Christchurch, New Zealand, after being a professor and a judge.

THE CROWN DOES A GENEROUS THING

A Present of £10,000

CURIOUS STORY OF A WANDERING CHEQUE

The British Government has made a present of £10,000 to a Lithuanian manufacturer in curious circumstances.

When Mr. Lockhart was British Diplomatic Agent in Moscow, before the Bolsheviks put him in prison, he found himself in urgent need of Russian roubles for Government business. He secured £10,000 worth through a Mr. Higgs, who got them for him in exchange for his own cheque, which Mr. Lockhart endorsed with his signature and the stamp of the British Government.

Mr. Higgs was duly repaid in London by the Foreign Office, but the cheque with his stamp and signature somehow remained in circulation in Moscow, one holder after another parting with it in exchange for roubles. In this way it reached the hands of the Lithuanian manufacturer, Bencel Aronowitz. Mr. Aronowitz, in his turn, suffered imprisonment, and it was not till the cheque was several years old that he was able to present it in London, only to have it returned, marked "Account closed."

He brought an action against the British Government for payment of the £10,000 on the strength of Mr. Lockhart's endorsement. The Crown denied its liability, and the court upheld the Crown, but it admitted the moral strength of Mr. Aronowitz's claim, and the Attorney-General announced, with the approval of the judge, that the money would be paid as an act of grace.

IN THE TRACK OF THE WHALE

The Good Fortune of Dornoch Firth

If a fortune-teller had told the prudent Scottish fishermen of Bonar Bridge, Dornoch Firth, that riches were coming to them by way of the sea the last thing they would have thought of would have been a whale.

Yet the 150 false killer whales stranded there of late have done more for Bonar Bridge than many shoals of herrings. It is true they came in a way that not even the hardiest fortune-teller could have guessed, for, as we all know now, they were stranded on the beach, and their rarity brought fortune and fame to Bonar Bridge.

Scientific men and curious sightseers crowded to Bonar Bridge, sending up the receipts of the little hotels and helping the lodging-house keepers and longshoremen splendidly.

The carcasses have been boiled down at Leith, and the British Museum is taking a few skeletons. All is grist that comes to Dornoch Firth's mill, and Bonar Bridge faces the winter with a light heart.

C.N. TWIN GALLERY

Twenty at One School

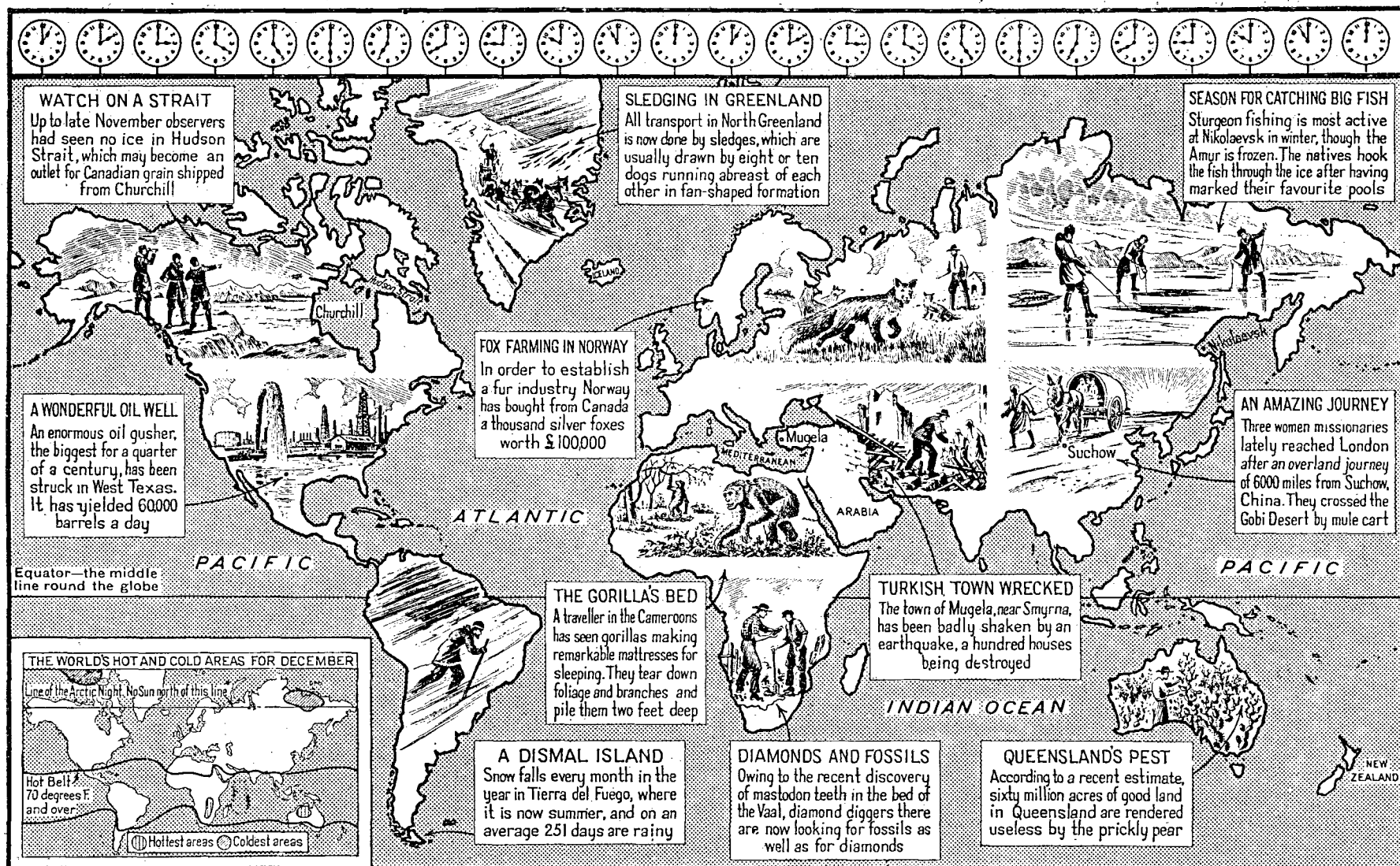
Another collection arrives for the C.N. Gallery of Twins.

We have recently given accounts or photographs of sets of twins in several schools, and the list is topped, we believe, by twenty twins now in Walton Road Infant School, London, E. They are divided between five classes. Three classes have two pairs of twins each; one class has three pairs; another class has one pair. The photographs show them grouped according to their classes. They are bonnie bairns, showing their twindom as much by their likeness of expression under the eye of the camera as by their similarity of feature.

The C.N. sends its love to them and wishes each one a long and happy life in the great days coming.

Pictures on page 12

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



WHEN YOU WANT A THING DONE

Ask a Policeman

When a policeman sees someone wanting help he does not start saying "This is not my work." He does the job, whatever it may be.

That was why the people of Kendal made a presentation to Police Constable Miller the other day. After coming off duty in the early morning the constable had done the shopping for 24 householders cut off by the floods, had made them hot drinks on gas stoves in their flooded kitchens, and had carried many of them on his back through five feet of water in order to remove them to a higher part of the town.

What a tower of strength he must have seemed to the frightened women imprisoned in the upper part of their flooded homes!

THE BOOK WHICH SAVES THE SCHOOL FEES

We take this letter from the Letter Box of the publishers of the Children's Treasure House this week. It comes from a town in Suffolk.

It may be of interest to you to know that my eldest boy has recently won a scholarship which exempts him from payment of all tuition fees during the whole of his school life. This success, I must say, I attribute in no small measure to the great help he has received from the Treasure House, which he has read over and over again. When I tell you that he was only nine when he sat for the examination I think you will agree with me that it speaks volumes for your book.

The Children's Treasure House, edited by Arthur Mee, is now appearing in fortnightly parts, and is on the bookstalls side by side with the C.N.

DOGGIE LOOKS AFTER HIMSELF

Taking His Carpet With Him

Puck is a smooth-haired terrier who loves comfort. How he uses his brains to find it is told by the Scottish minister who is his master.

Some weeks ago he was put out in the garden to play, for he is not yet a year old. But the grass was cold. So he entered the wash-house. That was dull, but on the door was a pair of plus-fours, sent down to be beaten, and they gave him an idea. He jumped up, got them down, dragged them into the garden, spread them out, and went to sleep cosily on the top of them.

As it was not convenient that he should annex the plus-fours a piece of carpet was offered him instead. He accepted the exchange cheerfully, and now he may be seen any morning dragging the carpet round the small garden to keep his bed in the sun as the shade from the adjoining house moves.

Who will say there is not evidence here of the dawn of reasoning?

WRITER OF HOME, SWEET HOME

His Home as a Monument

It must surely be interesting to see the childhood home of the writer of Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne was the writer and a little frame house at East Hampstead, Long Island, in New York State, was his home. It is to be bought and preserved as a public memorial at a cost of £12,000.

The song was part of the libretto of an opera, Clari, or the Maid of Milan, and the tune was adapted by Henry Bishop from an old melody Payne himself had heard in Italy. It was written in England, where Payne lived for 20 years as a successful writer and actor.

A DOCTOR AND HIS CAT

The Persian Half

"Is your cat a Persian?" asked the Doctor, pulling its bushy tail.

"He is, mostly," replied the Country Girl, "but we wish he were not. Somehow or another he is constantly collecting garden slugs in his long coat. He brings them into the house concealed in his fleece, as the sheep carried Ulysses out of the cave of Polyphemus. I found a large black one promenading my bed yesterday."

"This rather consoles me," said the Doctor. "I once bought a kitten at a charity bazaar because it was described as half Persian. Six months later I complained to the secretary of the bazaar that it had turned out an ordinary tabby. He replied that it really was half Persian, but the Persian half was inside!"

THE FARM LABOURER

An Essex reader questions the description of the farm labourer's condition given in a quotation in a recent C.N. article on the harvest.

Our correspondent's experience is that a majority of labourers on thirty shillings a week are in debt during their early married years, and only keep going on credit with tradesmen.

The fact is that conditions vary widely. In many instances, no doubt, our correspondent's observation is correct, but it is curious that the opinion we quoted was actually expressed by an Essex official and specially concerned the Essex labourer. Where work is constant on a well-managed modern farm, where cottage rents are low and there are large gardens and reasonable allotments, the labourer and his family are better off than the similar worker in towns and cities, and their pride in honestly paying their way is high.

It should be a point of honour on the part of everyone concerned to make that pride possible.

MAN WHO SPIED FOR LINCOLN

Romantic Career of a King's Descendant

The story of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian, shot by his rebellious Mexican subjects, is one of last century's tragedies.

Now the death is recorded of the man who commanded the firing party. He was John Sobieski, a direct descendant of Poland's patriot king of the same name.

In the American Civil War he was one of President Lincoln's most successful spies, wandering about the Southern States disguised as a Polish refugee. Then he went to Mexico. There he once fell into the enemy's hands and narrowly escaped being shot. It is said that a Mexican general's beautiful daughter rode 500 miles to secure his pardon from the commander-in-chief.

Sobieski died at Los Angeles.

NEW WORK BY AN OLD MASTER

Found in a Heap

Joseph Haydn, composer of the famous oratorio Creation, had been dead more than a hundred years when the war began, yet a Requiem Mass of his is to be heard at Düsseldorf for the first time.

That is because the music has only just been discovered. In the museum at the German town of Berghausen, on the Salzach, is an accumulation of manuscripts which a student of music had the curiosity to examine. It was the first time, apparently, that this had been done since Haydn died.

The whole musical world stands debtor to this diligent student, for the Haydn Requiem in C major was duly found among these manuscripts.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 10 1927

The Two Great Nations

WE cannot live long in these days without remembering the old saying that there are only two nations in the world, the Good and the Bad. Good people are always pulling the world forward; bad people are always pulling the world back. Life is a contest between these two.

Among all other creatures on the Earth there is no struggle such as we find in the human race. Animals and birds and fishes and insects follow the path of their instincts, but man fights against his instincts; his march has ever been from darkness toward light, from ignorance toward knowledge, from cruelty toward kindness, from selfishness toward charity. Once he was like the animals. His soul has carried him forward. He feels that he must grow.

All stories and plays are built up on this fight between the soldiers of good and the soldiers of evil. They are all tales of the great fight.

Unless we remember this, unless we know what life really is, we cannot hope to do anything with our lives. A man can no more live successfully without some plan of life than a sailor can reach a port without chart and compass and rudder. If you saw a woman busy with needle and thread and asked her what she was making how you would stare if she replied that she did not know. But much more mad is he who does not know what he is making of his life.

It is only the man who knows that life is a war between good and evil, who sees this truth staring him in the face when he looks on the world, who lives the wise life. He knows why he is living. He knows what he is making. He is not drifting with the tide, he is not blown about by every wind; he is marching straight forward, in the broad daylight of knowledge, to a definite goal.

Learn at the beginning of your life to know for certain that existence is a struggle between good and evil. Let it be a thought constantly in your mind that the Earth is a field of conflict where two nations are wrestling for victory.

Life is nothing else; it is ever a fight for something better. All the other matters are part of the struggle. Trade, pleasure, games, books, pictures, friendships, and journeys—everything is part of the great and eternal strife. Not one of us can live an hour or do any action without striking some blow for good or evil in the world. Make sure of that in your mind.

Life is a struggle between good and evil, and we must be on one side.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Barrier

IT has often been said that what is wrongly called the Dole has saved England from revolution. But we like much better the striking thing Mrs. Snowden said the other day.

This country (she said) would be very much nearer the kind of violent revolution which achieves less than nothing were it not for the social service and the loving work of the pastors and sisters of missions up and down the land.

We think that it is true. We remember all too little the wonderful work always being done by Christian people everywhere. In these hard times there has been no more effective barrier against violence and revolt than the quiet work of Christianity in the lives of the humbler classes.

The Empty Cathedral by the Thames

SHAKESPEARE'S little brother sleeps in a cathedral by the Thames. Shakespeare must have stood by his grave and wept.

And yet this cathedral stands almost empty day by day. There is something pathetic in this note from the Bishop of Southwark:

Southwark Cathedral is placed in one of the most noisy and crowded parts of London. It is almost hidden from sight by huge stores, railways, and markets. Amid this noise and ugliness it stands as an oasis of quiet and beauty. Its services are reverent, and its music is famous. Yet its congregations are small, and for the greater part of the day the cathedral is empty.

We most gladly give this advertisement to this noble place. We hope a few of our London readers will call to see it next week.

A War Minister on Barbarians

THE French War Minister has been using strong language. He has been to Cambridge, and has found there a host of brutes and barbarians.

We are a little shocked as we read on: "How they knock each other about! How they elbow and shout and brutalise each other!" We can see the war temper flaring up, and we are glad, for Monsieur Painlevé is talking of the atoms.

What barbarians the atoms are! At Cambridge Sir Ernest Rutherford and his brilliant assistants in the science schools are working with the young French school, each dealing with the atom after its own fashion. You have no idea how splendid and fascinating the work is. What gathering interest! What a dramatic pursuit!

It is all more exciting than any serial story, and it will certainly last longer, but when the last page comes we shall find, as the French War Minister says, that the disintegration of the atom will be the greatest revolution the world has ever known.

Fine

Who sweeps a room as for God's laws
Makes that and the action fine.

George Herbert

Our Wages

WE have to thank a little boy of eight for a pearl of wisdom from a Yorkshire school.

It was the teacher's last day with her children, and she had asked them to say what they would remember best from the year's happy talks. This is what Jimmy, aged eight, said:

I shall remember how in our life God gives us our wages sometimes, and pays us sometimes with things nobody else can see.

Thank you, Jimmy. It is true.

Tip-Cat

THE Scots are noted for their thrift and generosity. Every time they have a meal they feed the hungry.

If you are old-fashioned you are considered lacking in brains. Are they a new one, then?

It needs a particular type to carry off slang effectively. But a not too-particular type.

THERE are certain notes, according to a musician, that make wolves mad with fear. The R.S.P.C.A. has its eye on some of these singers.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If the cobbler's first need is his last

CHEEK is something essentially young. But it grows upon you.

LIFE is made up of good times and bad times. With a little of both between times.

It is suggested that railway companies should introduce carriages with dancing floors. Solely for the use of trippers.

WHAT the world wants now is an agreement not to have any more wars till the old ones are paid for.

As a rule, when a man makes money he does not boast about it. He does not want the police to know that he made it.

The New Advertising

THE actress who secured a great advertisement by trying to fly the Atlantic has won her reward; she is to receive £25,000 for appearing in a music hall.

We hope a little of this money will be set aside to compensate those who incurred great expense and much risk to save the life of this advertising young lady.

A Pat On the Back

THE London policeman is a perfect gentleman. I have watched him controlling traffic, and have marvelled at him. The English people, on the whole, are an example to the world.

Rotterdam Chief of Police

Steeds of Wondrous Strength

A Yorkshire lady who is a lover of animals, especially horses, sends us this admirable description of horses ploughing, with a further note on the collars they should wear.

WHEN I think of horses my mind always turns to farm horses, not to thoroughbreds and hunters. A big, good horse is a poem of strength and beauty. It is a lovely sight to see one putting its strength to the test.

Once I had the opportunity of walking up a field abreast of a pair of horses ploughing. It was a long field and a stiff pull. No kinema-goer ever had half such a good show. There was music with it too. I heard the rip of the ploughshare in the earth; the thud, thud, thud of the plodding feet; the gentle creaking of the trappings; and the jingle of chains.

In the Service of Man

I saw the horses set their joints to get every ounce of purchase possible and their bodies to the correct angle for taking the pull; the ripple of the sleek skin, which told of the play of mighty muscles underneath; the distension of the nostrils; the nod, nod of the heads; and, above all, that look of patience and confidence in the beautiful eyes which said "It isn't easy, but it's going to be done!" And all this strenuous labour given unstintingly in the service of man!

Horses suffer much from uncomfortable collars. Many people make the mistake of thinking that to be comfortable a horse's collar must be big. Certainly it must be big enough, but it is a mistake to think "the bigger the better." For when a collar is too big it goes back on to the shoulders, and so blisters are made.

There is a legend that when Jesus said "Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for My yoke is easy," He was thinking of His early work. For He was what we call a country joiner, and part of His work was to make yokes for oxen. And it is said that He would spend much time in planing and smoothing the yokes He made to avoid chafing the oxen's skin. Whether that is true in fact or not it is certainly true in spirit.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE French War Minister, being entertained to breakfast at Cambridge, asked that the son of the German Foreign Minister should be invited, and sent greetings by him to his father.

THANKS to reforms in West Ham the number of people receiving Poor Law relief has been reduced by half.

IF the increase of road accidents had not been stopped last year there would have been ten thousand more street casualties in 1926.

THE good people of the Church Army have set up a Rest Hut for women and children waiting at the prison gates of Wormwood Scrubs.

THE Government has put off the building of two new cruisers.

THE JACKDAW AND THE MILK BOTTLES

A LITTLE MYSTERY FROM MILL HILL

The Bird That Stole the Milk While the Household Slept

FACT AND FABLE

Few people give a thought to the very high intelligence of birds. We admit their charm and beauty, we admire and envy their exquisite flight, we commend the fidelity with which they guard their eggs and nestlings, but we give them as small credit as butterflies for brains.

Bird intelligence is really one of the marvels of the lower creation, but it seems so closely interwoven with the dazzling wonders they perform instinctively that we are apt to forget there is actually a dividing line between instinctive art and clear reasoning in the brain of a bird.

Obedience to Instinct

The supreme wonder of a little tern's career is its flight to the Antarctic for the Southern summer, and to return six months later across the world to nest in the sunshine of the Arctic summer. That is all in obedience to instinct.

We reach a different level, a different process, however, when we see birds adapting themselves to new conditions and turning unexpected circumstances to fresh forms of profit. An example of the kind comes from the Mill Hill and Edgware district, where dairymen have of late been worried by the mysterious opening of milk bottles left in the early morning at the doors of their customers.

Puzzling Circumstances

Police court cases have taught us to suspect human thieves when such things happen. There were novel elements here, however, which made it clear that the milk thieves were not human. The circumstances were as puzzling as when the Cardinal of Rheims lost his great turquoise ring.

There's a cry and a shout and no end of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out;
The friars are kneeling and hunting and feeling
The carpet, the floors, and the walls and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew off each plum-coloured shoe
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels in the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes, they turn up the plates,
They take up the poker and poke out the grates;
They turn up the rugs, they examine the mugs;
But, no! no such thing, they can't find the ring!
And the Abbot declared that when nobody twigged it
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it!

An Illuminating Fable

The result, of course, was that the Jackdaw of Rheims was found to be the culprit, and just as surely a jackdaw of Mill Hill is the villain of the plundered milk bottles. He has learned that beneath the cardboard covers good cream and milk are hidden, and he has pecked a way through! But why should he rifle so many bottles? If we remember the fable of the fox and the crane we shall know; he could not get his head sufficiently far into one bottle to give himself a meal, so he sipped from others.

But this jackdaw is not singular in his ingenious feat of thieving; the trick was first discovered by the perky tomtits. They have created just as great a mystery in another area. They love fat and suet; the smell of the milky discs suggested a meal, so they pecked holes to reach it.

A VERY GOOD OLD LADY

AN old lady bearing a name that is much revered by English-speaking people everywhere has died at Sydenham, aged 87.

She was Jane Moffat, the last surviving daughter of Robert Moffat, the missionary pioneer. When she was a little girl of four her eldest sister was married to David Livingstone. From that time onward, with a short interval for her schooling, her life was associated with two of the greatest missionary families in the history of Christianity.

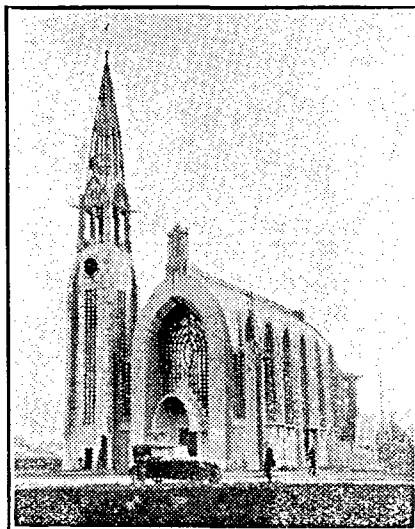
For some years Jane kept a mission school at Kuruman in Africa, but for the most part her work was that of mothering and keeping house for the missionary people in the family. She was a great mother, though all her children were other people's.

Jane kept house for her sister and Livingstone at Hadley Wood while

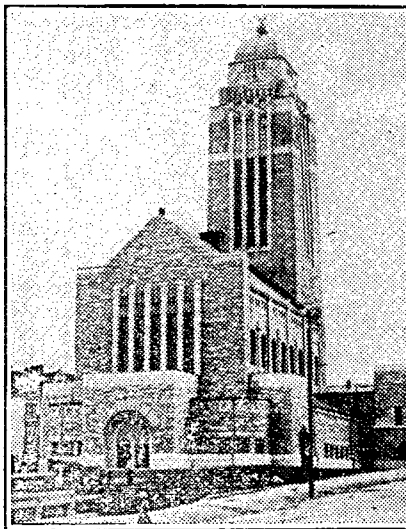
Livingstone was writing his books and the story of the discovery of the Victoria Falls. When her father and mother retired in 1870 she kept house for them to the end. Then she took on the care of another missionary sister's children, and made a home for Livingstone's grandchildren when they were in England.

Any man or woman who worked in the mission field was a friend of this untiring old lady. She watched over all those on furlough, and whenever possible she went to see them off. Men coming home could always write to Jane Moffat to find them lodgings, and if they were ill she went straight to nurse them. Many men and women in lonely stations in Africa will hear with great sorrow of her death. They will remember her long years of cheerful, unobtrusive service when she was always content to be doing anything, if only the work could go on.

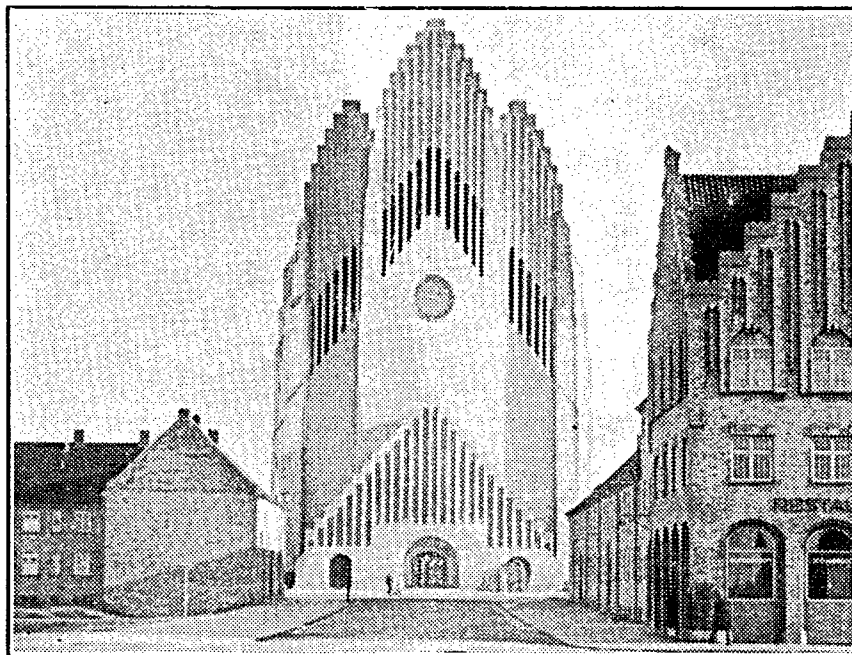
THE 20TH-CENTURY CHURCH



A concrete church near Arras



A new church at Helsingfors



The new Grundtvig Church at Copenhagen, which suggests organ pipes

The architectural styles of the 20th-century church are becoming very different from those of past days. Three new churches of remarkable appearance are shown in these pictures. The French church, with its delicate spire, is built entirely of reinforced concrete. The strange church at Copenhagen is to be dedicated next Sunday.

A MAN AND A GIRAFFE

ONE day a visitor to the giraffe house at the London Zoo was astonished to see a man standing hat in hand while a giraffe, with its neck stretched to its greatest extent, was rubbing its head backward and forward on his bald crown. A little crowd stood round watching the display of affection.

When the man finally tore himself away from his lanky friend the visitor was still more astonished, for he recognised the object of the giraffe's affection. It was none other than Arthur Platt, Professor of Greek in University College, London, and sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The professor lived near Regent's Park, and visited the animals so often that several of them became devoted to him. There was a panther, we are told, which at Platt's approach would almost ooze through the bars of its cage to establish contact. Moreover, if the gnu saw him on the opposite side of its broad enclosure it would walk all the way across to have its forelock pulled by the professor.

We know that all these tales are true, because they are recounted by Mr. A. E. Housman in his preface to a book of essays by Arthur Platt which has just been published.

THE BUTCHERS OF SOMERSET

STAIN ON A FAIR ENGLISH COUNTY

Another Cruel Chase of a Poor Stag

BARBARISM REVIVED

*He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.*

Written in Somerset by Coleridge

The killing of birds and beasts for the pleasure of killing them is a barbarous and degrading form of recreation. Dean Inge

There are foreign observers of England who call us a nation of hypocrites, saying that we commit the very offences we denounce in others. Our critics must be thinking of the Devon and Somerset Stag Hunt.

Driven From its Sanctuary

Again and again this so-called sporting body has shocked public opinion by brutally chasing deer with horse and hound till the animal has taken refuge in river or sea, when the poor creature has been pursued by a motor-boat in order that its throat might be cut.

We were told that it would not happen again, but now it has happened again, a female deer being hunted into the River Haddeo, pursued as she stumbled through the stony river-bed down into the River Exe, and then, after she had quitted the river and sought sanctuary in a wood, being driven back to the water, chased another mile, to be caught by the hounds, roped, and slaughtered.

No Portia to Plead

Nearly everybody who does not belong to this astounding Hunt is horrified by these callous outrages, but we can do nothing, for, as Portia said of Shylock's bond, the law allows it. For these poor hunted things there is no Portia to plead with any effect against a Somerset Shylock.

The inference is, then, that our boast of kindness to animals is only the product of legal compulsion; we are not merciful by free-will but by compulsion of the law.

Our literature preserves an immortal picture of a stricken deer, described for us in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. The poet himself, according to tradition, was driven to deer-stalking by early poverty. He tells us of a woodland brook, to which

a poor sequestered stag
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase.

What Shakespeare Knew

The words are memorable, spoken in the Forest of Arden, to which comes Orlando's faithful servant, old Adam, which part Shakespeare himself played. He killed deer for food, not for cruel sport, and knew the sufferings of the wounded creatures.

So do we all, and the world knows that we know, and denounces us for permitting the barbarism that we deplore. How can we be acquitted of hypocrisy when we allow cruelty to a timid wild animal which, if practised at the expense of a pig or a cow, would rightly land us in prison.

"The righteous man considereth his beast," we are told on high authority. "Not unless the Law is behind it," answer the butchers of Somerset.

22 AND 22,000

It is not edifying to watch a football match with 22 men doing something and 22,000 looking on. The 22 only are playing the game. *Headmaster of Mill Hill*

TO THOSE ABOUT TO BUY

A SLOGAN

Have It Made by a Disabled Man: It is Just as Good

WORK OF THE MEN WHO WON THE WAR

Those who remember the Armistice Week Exhibition at South Kensington will agree that it should really have lasted much longer. No sooner is a week begun than it is over, and there are thousands of people in London who wanted to see the exhibition. It was organised by the disabled ex-Servicemen, and showed the magnificent things these splendid fellows are doing to keep their end up in the sphere of the world's work.

The disabled men set out in the Exhibition Gallery at the Imperial Institute a great mass of things which they had made, big and little. They came from colonies like Papworth, Enham, and Preston Hall, where consumptive men live and move slowly and work slowly, but work exceedingly well. They came from the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops, the Spero Workshops, the Ashtead Potteries, and the St. Dunstan Homes for the Blind.

The Blessedness of Work

The younger people went and looked at the jolly things spread out in the exhibition and said "How lovely," but the older people found it difficult to speak sometimes, for they remembered trainloads of wounded men coming in, limping figures in blue in London streets, newly-blinded men groping their way, men with scarred and stitched-up faces. The men behind this exhibition are these same men.

They know that the youngsters who came to look at their work cannot possibly understand what it has meant to them to be able, after all, to work, to be saved the horror of being a piece of lumber in the world's workroom. But their work tells its own story, and as the years go by should make a definite and beautiful branch in the industries of Britain.

Charity Not Wanted

There is one thing these men are very keen about. They do not want any charity. They want people to buy their things because they are well made. Of course, you can throw in a smile and a "Thank you, brave man" if you like, if you have the courage; and if you have not you can whisper it in your heart. But their pride is in that saying which has become a slogan in the workshops of disabled men: "Have it made by a disabled man; it is just as good, and may be better."

From what we saw it very often is better. The leather work and travelling things made by the Papworth men, the oldest of these tuberculosis communities, are superb. These objects are becoming known, and the workers have big orders to deal with. They were naturally very pleased when last year the King bought sixty Papworth suitcases to give away as Christmas presents.

Important Communities

From the Enham men you can buy poultry houses, garden tables and furniture, bedside tables, and all kinds of interesting things. The Preston Hall men make these things, too, and throw in some admirable rabbit hutches and pigsties. Rabbit hutches in these days, when Angoras are kept so largely for fur, are a serious matter. The disabled men know all about them.

The Ashtead potteries are becoming very well known, and the other communities, producing lovely painted things, dressing-tables, bedsteads, woven materials, mats, coats, frocks, know quite well how important they are getting. The nicest thing about them all is their immense pride in their work.

THE LITTLE BOY KING'S THRONE

Rumania's Trouble

A COUNTRY WITH TWO DYNASTIES

Little King Michael of Rumania has lost his first Prime Minister, M. Bratianu, within a few months of his accession. The Regents have very promptly provided him with a new one.

In some Eastern countries the position of Prime Minister is hereditary in the same way as the kingship, and it is said that in Rumania the head of the Bratianu family can always be Prime Minister when he wishes. Actually the Bratianu dynasty is older than that of the King, for it was the dead Prime Minister's father who smuggled King Michael's ancestor over the frontier and got him elected king. Now another Bratianu succeeds almost as a matter of course.

The Bratianus have been devoted supporters of the kingly line they set up, but they have been autocratic rulers, and have always found means to secure the kind of Parliament they wanted to carry out their wishes. It is said that discontent with their rule has been growing, and there has been fear that King Michael's father, Prince Carol, who voluntarily gave up his claim to the throne some time ago, might take advantage of the situation to change his mind. That would bring trouble on Rumania, and we must hope the people will manage to put things right without the indignity of Prince Carol's help.

40 DAYS IN INDIANAPOLIS

Battle of the City Hall

Americans, like ourselves, have been busy electing mayors for the ensuing year, and in the important city of Indianapolis the election was preceded by a memorable forty days in which it was the possessor of two rival mayors, each claiming authority over the city.

It happened in this way. Forty days before the election the existing mayor, Mr. John Duval, resigned, having been convicted of a breach of the Corrupt Practices Act. There is a custom in Indianapolis that the mayor shall be succeeded by the city comptroller, and the comptroller at that time happened to be Mrs. Duval, wife of the resigning mayor. Mrs. Duval announced herself as the new mayor and appointed Mr. Ira Holmes comptroller. A quarter of an hour later Mrs. Duval resigned in Mr. Holmes's favour, and Mr. Holmes appointed a new comptroller.

But what, it will be asked, was the City Council doing all this time? The City Council was busy too. At a special session it elected its president, Mr. Claude Negley, temporary mayor.

So for forty days the City Hall of Indianapolis was the scene of a battle between two rival mayors. Both agreed in dismissing all the officials appointed by Mr. Duval, and each proceeded to make his own appointments. The two had been good friends in private life, and so they remained.

Meanwhile the Duvals, professing delight at being out of it all, busied themselves in sweeping up the fallen leaves in their garden at home.

It is all ended now, but while it lasted Indianapolis must have been a lively place to live in.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Early 15th-century Mazer bowl	£10,000
A portrait by Raeburn	£1837
A Charles II silver tankard	£830
A gold medal of 1742	£190
1st ed. book by Joseph Conrad	£76
A William III hall clock	£72
A Crimea Victoria Cross	£71
A Greek Rhégium coin	£33

THE DOCTOR AND HIS HANDS

Should He Drive a Car?

A coroner has had occasion to ask whether a doctor should drive his own car or employ a chauffeur. From a different standpoint from that of the coroner a grown-up C.N. reader agrees that a doctor should not clean and drive his car. As one who has had much experience of car-cleaning and driving our correspondent declares that the work coarsens and roughens the hands and makes it impossible for a doctor to retain that soft sensitiveness of touch which a medical man, above all others, should possess.

A doctor may be called upon to massage a suffering patient, and hard, horny hands may cause extreme pain. He may have to deal with a painful ear, a damaged eye, a troublesome throat, and he should not do so with coarse, insensitive fingers.

Hard, coarse hands may cause unnecessary pain to patients and create needless alarm in women and children. Doctors owe it to their patients that their hands shall be as well kept as those of a nurse or a violinist.

VOLTAIRE'S TOMB

Is the Body Really His?

In the finely-placed Panthéon in Paris is the tomb of Voltaire, whither, it is recorded, his body was removed from Sellières Abbey after the Revolution.

But a legend arose last century that the tomb was empty. To test it the tomb was opened, and in it a body was found, and this body, it was thought, must be Voltaire's on account of the shape of the skull.

Recently, however, a skeleton has been found also in the Sellières Abbey tomb, and a demand has arisen that the Panthéon tomb shall be reopened, so that the skulls may be compared.

That of Voltaire, it is urged, can be easily identified by the fact that at his death a surgeon cut it open in order to extract the brain.

TRAVELS OF A BOTTLE

What We Learn From It

We are still gaining much new knowledge of ocean currents through messages in sealed bottles cast adrift.

A bottle cast from a liner a thousand miles from Labrador was found at Belle Isle, in the Belle Isle Strait, 22 days later, which shows that it must have travelled at least 45 miles a day, or two miles an hour, even if it had made a bee line for its goal and was at once seen there.

The experiment has a practical lesson. A ship receiving S O S signals from this area must allow for a movement of two miles an hour on the part of the sender if he is floating at the mercy of the current, and must therefore shape her course accordingly.

THREE THINGS WANTED

The Inventor's Chance

Somebody has been asking for suggestions for inventions needed by the public. There are three ideas which seem to us interesting.

One of them is a chemical process for rendering paper fire-proof, to be used for important documents, banknotes, and so on. Another is a vacuum cleaner for clearing litter from the park or garden. Another is a magazine hammer which will supply a nail every time the hammer strikes and drive the nail in with one blow.

Three most admirable ideas; we hope some inventor will let us have them.

A PROFITABLE PENNY

Croydon's Library Investment

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

Croydon is proud of its public library, and has good reason to be so, for its issues exceed a million, and only big cities such as Glasgow, Manchester, and Birmingham do more.

The million issue has been reached in spite of the fact that the library is terribly cramped for space and has only two branch libraries in an area of thirty-six miles.

Of special interest is the enterprising way in which the library finds readers among children. Library talks for children are given every week, and there is also a weekly story hour. Throughout the first week of January there will be a Christmas story festival, with stories told each day to crowded audiences, and parents are invited to be present one evening.

Encouraging Figures

There are classes for teaching children how to use books and catalogues, and a little paper telling about new books as they come in. The librarians visit every Council School to spread a knowledge of the libraries, and receive many useful suggestions from the teachers.

Old magazines and books no longer required are handed over to the children that they may cut out pictures, and these are exhibited and classified. There are now nearly 25,000 of them in the library. Last year nearly a quarter of a million books were borrowed or consulted by these future citizens of Croydon, and all Croydon ratepayers must feel that the penny library rate is the most profitable penny they have ever invested.

THREE TOTS ON AN ISLAND

A Bright Tale of Ceylon

THE WONDERFUL ISLAND. By Muriel Clark (Carey Press. 3s. 6d.).

The island of this bright and informing book is Ceylon, and the chief people in it are three small British children. Through their adventures we are able to see with great clearness the most interesting features of that tropical land.

In a pleasantly vivacious style the author pictures the family surroundings of the children, their movements about the island, and the sights they see.

The children are by no means altogether good. They get constantly into scrapes, and come out penitent but liable to break their best resolutions. In fact, they are very natural children sympathetically portrayed, and the account of them is always lively.

Miss Clark has been to Ceylon, and writes as one who knows it. She also knows children, and has been thoroughly successful in interweaving British child-life with the scenes of a fascinating tropical land.

The book, which is amply illustrated, is admirable in tone, and deserves wholehearted commendation.

THE RED LIGHT FOR THE FLYING-MAN

Red light can be seen much farther away in a mist or fog than white light, and experiments are now being made with neon electric glow-lamps as beacons to guide airmen.

An electric high-tension current will illuminate a vacuum tube filled with neon with a brilliant red light, the power being enormous compared with ordinary electric light for the same amount of power used. These vacuum lamps have been mounted on steel towers 115 feet high, and will act as a guide to aeroplane pilots many miles away.

December 10, 1927

THE IMPERILLED TOWER

PISA'S MOST FAMOUS MONUMENT

Its Place in the History and Knowledge of the World

WHERE THE DARK AGES ENDED

Once more the famous leaning tower of Pisa is causing anxiety. It has been doing so for hundreds of years, for the foundations sank on the south side while its builders were at work upon it over seven centuries ago.

Our great John Evelyn when he saw it in 1644 wrote in his famous diary that it was built "exceeding declining" and that the beholder would expect it to fall. The angle taken by the building was due to the deliberate art of the designer, he thought.

The Centre of Gravity

Accident, not design, was responsible, of course; but the builders, though they did not plan and could not prevent the subsidence, were skilled enough to realise that the centre of gravity was not sufficiently disturbed to permit a collapse of the structure, and it has stood there through the centuries till now it is over 16 feet out of the perpendicular. Even now investigations show that its stability is not seriously threatened, though everything possible is to be done to reinforce the base and to divert the underground waters which flow near it.

The ancient campanile of Venice fell a quarter of a century ago, so no care could be too great for the preservation of that of Pisa. The tower stands by its cathedral and baptistery, all white marble, gleaming and dreaming in a sweet paradise of verdure, silent, remote, matchless, a picture to stay the breath and excite the pulse as we come suddenly upon it from the high-flanked, narrow street which leads up from the River Arno.

Man's Awakening Spirit

Great memories stir as we pause and ponder before it. Here in this great poem carved by vanished hands is a monument to the awakening spirit of man. Here ended the thousand years of gloom and ignorance which we call the Dark Ages. Pisa once stood within two miles of the sea, and before silt choked her approach was the greatest sea power in the Western Mediterranean.

To commemorate her victories she built her cathedral, and in doing so burst the bonds that had, for ten centuries fettered the minds and loaded the spirits of mankind. The Renaissance, the rebirth of learning, began at Pisa, and from its noble buildings all Italy took example and spread a fire of cultured zeal that ran through Europe.

Galileo's Experiment

Pisa has known many changes, many sorrows, many glories. As art was reborn with her so was modern physical science. The mere fact that her tower leans enabled Galileo to use it to demonstrate his law of falling bodies. For nearly 2000 years men had, parrot-like, been repeating Aristotle's axiom that if two bodies fell from the same height the heavier would reach the ground sooner than the lighter.

Galileo dropped a ten-pound weight and a one-pound weight from the top of the tower, and they reached the ground together. The professors saw it with horror. "Oh, but it must be wrong," they said. "We can show you the very chapter in Aristotle in which he shows that the ten-pound shot must reach the ground in one-tenth the time of the one-pound shot."

The weights fell according to natural law, then for the first time revealed; the tower stands, slanting but undefeated, also in accordance with natural law. Galileo showed why, but he would surely commend the plan for safeguarding the incomparable structure against new and excessive strain.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK

IN ART

The Founder of Modern Sculpture

Donatello died December 13, 1466

There was a boy born in Florence in 1386, the son of a poor wool-carder, who aspired to be a sculptor. He had several names - we know him now as Donatello.

Like many other artists in that country, Donatello began as a goldsmith and left that work presently for sculpture. He was very poor. One day, in great delight, he received a commission to make a wooden crucifix, life size, for the Santa Croce Church in Florence. When he had finished it he ran to his friend Filippo Brunelleschi, the architect, and asked him to come to his house to look at the work.

The Two Figures

Filippo seemed surprised at the work, and smiled and said: "It is not a Christ but a peasant that you have crucified there."

"Do one yourself," retorted Donatello. "You will see then that it is not easy to make a crucifix."

Some time later Donatello was walking away from the early market with eggs, soft cheese, fruit, and salad bunched up in his apron when he met Brunelleschi, who said he had something to show him. The two went to Filippo's studio, and the architect, throwing open the door suddenly, revealed what appeared to Donatello a magnificent crucifix.

Donatello flung his arms wide, and down went the eggs and cheese. "Never mind! I don't want any lunch," he said sadly. "I have had my fill. You are right. I can only sculpture peasants. You can carve the Christ."

A Great Force in Italian Art

This young man who could only carve peasants became one of the strongest forces in Italian art in the early fifteenth century. He might even be said to be the founder of modern sculpture. He saw things naturally and carved them naturally.

Donatello presently trudged off to Rome with Brunelleschi, and these two went about digging among the ruins of the ancient city to find some examples of classic art. The citizens called them the Treasure Seekers. Their bit of money ran out, and they had to work hard and fare hard. After a time they were back in Florence, and Donatello was working with other sculptors and craftsmen on the almost finished cathedral that Brunelleschi had helped to build. For fifteen or sixteen years Donatello was employed thus. He rose far above the level of any other sculptor.

The Famous David

Many of the lovely things he did for the cathedral are still left to us. Probably we love the marble reliefs of the singing children the best. Sometimes Donatello worked independently, sometimes in collaboration with Michelozzo and Brunelleschi. One of the most important things Donatello and Michelozzo made was the tomb of Pope John XXIII. Donatello, now famous, went here and there, to Siena, Prato, to Rome again.

Some years later he was back in Florence, working for Cosimo de Medici, entering on the ten best and happiest years of his life, helping to restore antique marbles, making statues that could not help seeming to be alive, like adorable children and cupids and the famous David. From 1446 to 1453 he was employed on one of the two greatest equestrian statues of the Italian Renaissance—the bronze Gattamelata monument in Padua.

A few more years the great sculptor with the simple heart went on toiling; then paralysis seized him. His closing years were passed in sorrow, and he died on December 13, 1466.

A ZOO SURPRISE

How the Python Met the Coroner

If there is anything sharper than a serpent's tooth it is a serpent's ingratitude, such as was displayed by the Indian python at the Zoo which, after choking in the attempt to swallow a dead rabbit, first became convulsive and then lay deathly still.

The staff of the Reptile House immediately sent for a doctor. A massage expert was called in. Everything was done, though massaging a python must be a slimy operation. But the python's heart gave only two beats and ceased. Nothing doing.

In silence the staff bore the stiff coils away and laid the body out on a slab for the arrival of the Zoo's coroner.

But when the coroner's men came the next morning to prepare the corpse the python sat up and tried to bite them! It was a very astonished burial party which retreated in face of this savage attack and signalled for reinforcements. When these came the python was still full of fight. It hissed at the keepers, it lifted its head as if to bury its fangs in the doctor, and if the massage expert had been there it would doubtless have bitten him.

It is now sleeping off the effects of indigestion and medical treatment in its own quarters, apparently no better in mind and no worse in body.

MUSICAL BANDITS

A Ransom in Morocco

Gilbert and Sullivan once wrote an opera about some sentimental pirates who would never, never hurt an orphan, and, of course, everyone the pirates caught pretended to be an orphan, and so escaped the plank.

There are bandits in Morocco today who rather remind us of those pirates, because they, too, have unexpected tastes. Who would have imagined a robber tribesman would have a passion for music? Yet the bandits who recently captured some Europeans in Morocco demanded as ransom a sum of twelve thousand pounds, a gramophone, and some records.

When these tidings reached London, the gramophone company whose trademark is a dog listening to his master's voice immediately offered a gramophone and 100 records to the Governor-General of Morocco as part of the ransom.

We should like to know what records were sent and which the tribesmen liked best. What an astonishing picture it makes, the gramophone playing the music of civilised man in the desert to a circle of savage tribesmen who all carry arms and never sleep or eat unless sentries are keeping watch!

NEW WONDER FOR CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE

Remarkable Signal for Ships

A new and remarkable application of wireless signalling is announced, especially valuable in a fog.

It is the invention of Dr. Kolster, engineer to a Californian telegraph company. The despatching end of it when switched on in a fog at sea automatically sends out signals lasting for one second in every half-minute.

The marvel is the way in which the signal is received. It appears as a streak of coloured light flashing over the compass-card on the bridge of the receiving vessel. The streak appears at the exact point of the compass from which the message has been sent out, and its intensity shows how far it has travelled.

Thus vessels put into communication by the new invention will know each other's exact position, and night collisions will be almost as easy to avoid as daylight ones.

THE BULL IN THE SKY

WONDERS OF TAURUS

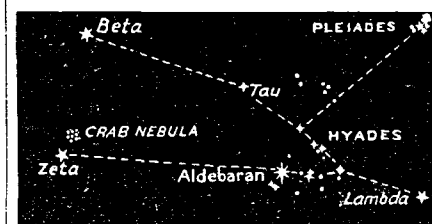
A Cluster of 80 Stars Flying Through Space

HOTTEST SUNS KNOWN

By the C.N. Astronomer

The wonderful constellation of Taurus, the Bull, is now high in the heavens in the evening, and throughout the night the great sun Aldebaran looks down on us from those remote depths of space, 3,700,000 times as far away as our Sun.

Vast in area and most varied in marvels is this constellation of Taurus, its chief stellar glories being readily identified with the help of our star map, which has, however, to be on a very small scale. The constellation is high in the South about 10 o'clock, being



The chief stars and clusters of Taurus

then nearly three parts of the way from the horizon toward overhead.

The V-shaped arrangement of the Hyades star-cluster will be easily identified, with Aldebaran, the Bull's Eye, glowing red at the lower left-hand corner. But this great sun, 32 million miles wide, is not part of the Hyades cluster, whose suns are between seven and nine million times as far as our Sun, and more than twice the distance of Aldebaran.

The suns of the Hyades are about 80 in number, and they are flying through space toward the East at speeds between 1500 and 2000 miles a minute.

North-west of the Hyades is the famous Pleiades cluster of suns. They are far more numerous than the Hyades, over 600 being visible through powerful telescopes and some two thousand photographically. Of course, not all of these suns are members of the cluster; many are in the depths, far beyond.

Recent research has shown that the Pleiades are much farther off than previous measurements had indicated. They appear to be some 20 million times as far away as our Sun, their light taking about 325 years to reach us.

They are suns of the helium type, the hottest known, and they whirl through what appears to be a fire mist, which fills the immensity of inter-stellar space between those whirling suns.

To the east of Taurus will be found the two bright stars Beta and Zeta; these represent the tips of the two horns of the Bull. Beta is remarkable for its great distance, over 600 light-years; therefore to appear so bright from at least 40 million times the Sun's distance it must be a colossal sun, some thousands of times larger than our own.

A Great Dark World

Westward of the Hyades is the most interesting star of all, Lambda, of third or medium brightness as a rule; but regularly at intervals of about 3 days and 23 hours it loses about three-quarters of its light and drops to the fourth magnitude. What happens is that Lambda is partially eclipsed by a great, dark world which revolves round it at a terrific rate, and so, periodically coming between us and the bright sun of Lambda, shuts off part of its light.

This will occur at about 1 a.m. on Friday next, December 16, at 11 p.m. on Dec. 23, about 10 p.m. on December 27, and so on, until bright moonlight makes observation difficult.

So had we a telescope powerful enough Lambda would appear as a crescent at these times. But as it is nine million times as far away as our Sun these eclipses occurred 142 years ago. G. F. M.

Other Worlds In the evening Jupiter and Uranus south to south-west. In the morning Venus, Mars, and Saturn south-east.

DESERT ISLAND

The Story of a
Modern Crusoe

By
Marjory Royce

CHAPTER 23

The Hermit Comes to Life

It wasn't the Hermit, and it wasn't a ghost; it was a goat, and she had butted Rafe!

"She might at least have hit you below the belt, the unsporting brute!" murmured Hilary when he had pulled Rafe up again. His brother was still holding himself and breathing hard. "Are you hurt?"

"A bit. Where's it gone?" gasped Rafe. "It will be useful, perhaps, for milk."

Nanny-goat, having given vent to her displeasure at being interrupted during her peaceful night's rest, now stood quietly enough in the corner. Rafe glanced round the room. There was the iron bedstead. Nobody had slept in it evidently, for the bedclothes were roughly pulled over the pillow as they had been the last time they entered. No ancient face with long beard was to be seen anywhere—save Nanny's, as she stood there with her unmistakable outline against the tumbledown wall.

"What shall we do with her?" asked Hilary.

"Leave her till the morning," said Rafe, and sensibly closed the door, handling it gently lest it should come off its one hinge.

"Sure you're not hurt?"

"It was a big blow. I've a sort of pain. It'll go off," said Rafe. "Well, this is a sell! I thought Mr. Rockal must be there, didn't you, Hill? Our expedition's not been for nothing, though; Corinne will be all the better for some milk."

"I wonder if that gull is dead," said Hilary as they walked up the lane. "We must remember to look. We're bound to meet the Hermit tomorrow, Rafe. Obviously he's moved his camp. He's probably living behind the Sandyvrechian rocks at the end of the island."

"Or he might be living in the wreck," said Rafe. "We haven't seen it yet. Oh, Hill, I am tired! Here we are."

They crept along the ledge of rock. The tide was creeping in. What about their rescued gull? It had gone!

"Oh, what a pity!" said Rafe. "But I'm glad," he added quickly, "because it must be well again. Now you must go to sleep, Hill. I'll go farther, in to where I was before. I like to be there; it's quieter."

Again Rafe was in the cave. He did not want the trouble of lighting a candle this time so he walked on the soft sand, groping about with his arms. The cave twisted sharply and very little light came in round the bend. Through the gloom he could discern his ground-sheet at last. He lay down thankfully, kicking off his shoes and pulling up the blankets to his chin.

What was that?

Drip, drip, drip! Some drops fell on his face. Ah, the cave was damp; that was all. He flung his arm over his eyes. He wished he could feel more solitary. Then, absurdly, he wished he had Luath or his dear little white cat near him. And yet he had an absurd feeling that *somebody* was very near.

An owl hooted; he heard the soft beat of its wings flying past. He became increasingly restless and uneasy.

What was it Alastair had said about hearing a lion roar? Really, the boy was half daft! He was in a way a nuisance, an encumbrance to the party, not very useful; still, he did tell yarns well.

"It is the green she-wolf that harasses me," the grim line sang in Rafe's head. He turned over restlessly. There were no wolves nowadays! Just as well; unpleasant fellows to meet half-way through a cave.

Just then Rafe heard a faint roar, an unmistakable wild roar! It came from the direction of the unknown, through the unexplored darkness of the cave behind him.

"What was that?" said Rafe to himself, and quickly covered his ears up with his blanket—but not before he had taken out his knife and grasped it very firmly in his right hand. It was some time before he got off to sleep.

He woke feeling a slight, warm touch on his right hand, which still clung to his knife. It seemed that he had only been asleep a few minutes, yet night had passed into dawn.

He woke to find the face he had imagined, a hermit face with a long white beard, bending over him.

Rafe's first confused thought was that his knife was being taken, that the Hermit was in mad and evil mood. With an angry yell the boy sprang to his feet.

The Hermit was visibly disconcerted; he turned and fled at once, making a dive down the dark passage. Rafe could see an outline in a long habit, a sort of dressing-gown, as he instantly pursued him. But it was not so easy to run in that dark cave. There were stones and boulders, and once again that night Rafe fell flat, this time full on his face. He had been tripped up! A soft, mocking laugh from ahead showed him that the Hermit, the madman, knew it and was glad.

"Why, he might have taken my knife and killed me in a fit of hate," thought Rafe as he picked himself up and flew on.

The figure in front was out of sight now. Rafe ran as fast as he could, occasionally blundering against a sandstone wall. Once he hit his nose so badly that it bled. At last he found himself in a sort of room, a great scooped-out horseshoe, with a hole at the side letting in some light. But where was the Hermit?

Again he seemed to hear the soft, irrepressible laughter, and at once jumped to the truth. He had taken the wrong turning. There was nothing in the chamber, not a single thing.

Rafe ran out again, down a winding passage. Suppose the green she-wolf should face him! What a pity he had lost so much time getting on the wrong track! Oh, for Luath, Luath of the strong paws, Luath of the long, swinging pace!

Rafe ran on and on, stumbling, hitting himself against rocky corners, groping his way at times with his hands; on and on till he was out on another bit of the shore, and saw sunrise coming up beyond the sea. Along the coast, clear in the morning light, he could discern the figure of the Hermit, running! He had put up the hood of his robe to protect his face. Rafe could see now that it was a crimson gown with a crimson peaked cowl. He did not seem to be so tall as Rafe had imagined.

"He must feel jolly guilty to be running like this!" thought Rafe.

Rafe increased his pace. He was gaining on him. But there was a great rock sticking out not far in front, and behind it the Hermit fled.

What a chase it was! The Hermit was nimble for a man of his years, astonishingly nimble. Rafe was tired. But he ran on and on, past the big rock, till he suddenly felt he could go no farther. The place where the goat had butted him began to hurt him, and he stopped. The Hermit's form was becoming smaller and smaller along the beach. Rafe watched him. Would he scramble right over the rocks? The boys had regarded the Alpine peaks of Sandyvrechian as altogether beyond their powers; but if a hermit could manage to scale their rugged points surely a Scout could!

To Rafe's surprise, the crimson-clad figure, instead of trying to get

over Sandyvrechian, cast himself into a boat lying in a small cove and began to row with frantic speed. Where was he going? There was no doubt that he was rowing up the coast of the island and hastening to round the bend. Rafe resolved to row round the island himself. Why should he not give chase? His little rest had freshened him.

Yes, he would chase him in the Ghost. Hurriedly he took his bearings. He looked first for the flag; there it was, proud and gay, to the back of him. How wrong he had been not to take full bearings of the island before! If he had drawn a chart he would have known that there was this weird cave, that there was another boat about. Yes, he would go and fetch the Ghost.

But when he reached the loch the Ghost had gone! The sands lay now pearly pale in the morning air, the sea was again a sheet of mother-of-pearl, but there was no boat, no sign of it.

Rafe strode down to the place where it had been beached. A fresh mark in the sand showed where it had been pushed off.

"By Jove, the Hermit has bagged our boat!" he cried. "It was in the Ghost that he rowed away just now." The boy stood there amazed.

His next feeling was one of anger.

"I think we ought to get together all the weapons we can muster and make war upon him," he muttered to himself. "A madman is dangerous. To have him leaning over at night trying to steal isn't too pleasant. And to think he had the cheek to collar our boat!"

On the way back to his cave Rafe began to laugh aloud. It had just struck him that, after all, the Hermit had only taken his own.

When he reached the cave he found Teddy still lying uncovered. He blinked up at Rafe.

"I don't think I've caught it," he said regretfully, sitting up; "I feel quite warm."

"And I'm sure I haven't caught him," said Rafe. "But what's this?"

It was a large tin of biscuits lying on the sands.

"The Hermit must have dropped it," Rafe said. "It will be jolly useful to us!"

CHAPTER 24

A Gray Morning

THERE was no Sun to greet them that morning, only a cold, grey mist that was not exactly conducive to high spirits.

Even the fire, when at last they managed to get it alight, flickered drearily. They decided to let it out, and retire into Sea Lodge, and boil the kettle on the methylated spirit stove. The only thing to be done on such a morning, as Teddy said, was to have a good breakfast.

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Rafe was inclined to agree with him, and Corinne was sent into Egg Manor to see what the hens had to offer. She found three big brown eggs, and came back, carrying them all quite safely in her up-turned skirt.

"Three! Capital!" cried Monica Mildred. "But Jemima Smith is still lost, Rafe."

"And the Ghost is lost," said Rafe. "But don't worry; we'll get it back again. I assure you we're having a very soft time indeed on this island. Besides, we'll be rescued, I daresay, this afternoon."

Alastair shook his head, and melancholy was in his gentle Celtic eyes.

"Of course we shall," insisted Rafe impatiently. "And we'll go fishing in the old wreck. Cheerio! Put the eggs in. Splendid the way this little stove boils up! Now I'll go and have a look at the weather."

When he had gone out, Monica Mildred looked round her domain with some satisfaction and pride. It was so tidy now. All the beds were made and all the kitchen utensils, such as they were, were in place. Heather of glowing purple ornamented one shelf, propped up by one of the thermos flasks.

"Shouldn't mind stopping here a year," was the cook's thought, when Rafe came back, crying, "Most extraordinary thing! Half the island's quite sunny! There's good weather in the east and a blue sky. Looks as if the mist and the blue were going to have a fight."

"The clouds are winning," declared Alastair, when he had been out to look. "Never mind, there's time to go up to the wreck; I can't think why we haven't done so before."

"The eggs are boiling," Rafe announced presently. "Here are the cups! No, I don't want one; funny taste, but I think a chocolate biscuit would suit me." And Rafe went to Teddy's cache.

When breakfast was over and the cave made clean and tidy, the little party went off round the fairy loch, with a look of affection and pride at their flag, up the little grass lane by the Hermit's cottage. Just outside Rafe paused. "Must have a look at these potatoes," he muttered, and turned into the rough and overgrown garden.

He really went to see how many there were left. Only two little rows now! And what trouble had they picked up that their leaves looked so withered and drooped so disappointingly? Could they have blight? He pulled hard at the leaves.

The plant came up, with only a few withered black bulbs for roots. No sign of potatoes whatever. Rafe flung it away with a frown.

What if all the two rows were like that? No fish, no potatoes; how could life then be sustained? Well, there was the wreck! Whistling Tipperary he joined the others.

"How do we get to the wreck?" asked Monica Mildred. "Along here, I suppose. It's very pretty this side."

The east coast of the island, still in sunshine, was indeed charming; it was grey with rocks and mauve with heather, typically Highland. A low bank ran along by the shore.

And here were the sands over which Rafe had run so fleetly only that morning in pursuit of his Hermit; here the jagged outstanding rock, round which the crimson dressing-gown had bolted. He suddenly remembered that mysterious flight of steps in his sleeping cave. Was there ever such an island, with so much to explore in it?

He was not at all sure, with these thoughts in his mind, striding along with his arm through that of the gallant little Corinne, that he ever wanted to leave the island. They would manage somehow. And he would run the camp very carefully.

At last they came near the dark hulk. It was a little, very old motor-boat crumpled badly at one end. There was a cabin—a little glass room, evidently a place to stow things. In a minute the boys were all over the boat.

"Any amount of food here!" came Teddy's triumphant shout. "What a find!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

Through Poverty to Fame

THE fame of poets goes through curious ups and downs. They are often neglected though their writings are fine. Then they become admired. Later they go out of fashion for a time. But at last they are judged by their true worth, and if it is great they remain admired. But some who wrote very well do not quite get a footing on that height. Here is one of that kind.

He was born on our eastern coast in a cottage which the sea has now swept away. His first education was at a dame's school. As he was clever his father thought he might be a doctor, and so sent him to a boarding-school for a better education. But his father was too poor to keep up that style of schooling, and the youth became an assistant in a chemist's shop, and later had some experience with a surgeon. But he could not go on with his medical education or set up as a chemist; it cost too much. Besides, he wanted above all things to be a poet. As he had to earn his own living he became an ordinary labourer, doing hard work.

A little later on he started a chemist's shop, put an assistant in it to manage it, and went to London to study as a doctor. But the shop was a failure; and he failed too as a doctor. All the while he was writing poetry. Borrowing some money, he went again to London to sell his poetry. Nobody would publish it, and he fell into deep poverty.

Then he wrote to the great writer and statesman Edmund Burke and sent him some of his writings. Burke, who was a kind-hearted Irishman, helped him, first to publish his poem *The Library*, and then to be ordained as a clergyman. He now returned as a curate to the village where he was born. But the people there thought little of the young man, now aged 26, whom they had known as a labourer and whose chemist's shop had been a failure; so he seemed to have failed again.

However, Burke still befriended him, and induced the Duke of Rutland to accept him as his chaplain. He was now 28, and he published another poem, *The Village*, which was very successful. So he was able to marry his faithful sweetheart. A third poem, *The Newspaper*, followed, and then he published no more for twenty years.

In this period he was given a number of church livings, and was respected as a real poet. When he was 56 he began publishing more verse,

and his fame was such that for the last volume he received £3000. He lived to be 77, and was in the circle of honoured poets.

Even Byron praised him. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



December 10, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

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There Is Some Good in the Worst of Us



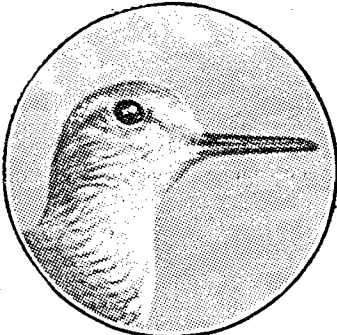
THE BRAN TUB

Changing Heads

I AM a plan. Change my head each time, and I become an opening or vacant space; a fluid essential to the nutrition of trees; a covering for the head; one circuit round a race-track; a means for controlling the water supply; a quick, sharp blow.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Common Sandpiper

The Common Sandpiper is a well-known visitor to England. It is often called the Summer Snipe, a name it derives from its habit of arriving about April or May and leaving before October. It is a lively little bird, and can be seen near the banks of rivers, ponds, and lakes, running and poking about after insects and worms, its chief items of diet.

A Stone Felix



Felix the Cat in the Chapter House at Lincoln

Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which, written one under the other, will make a square of words. A bundle or load. What supports the wheels. What this is. The lowest part of a ship.

Answer next week

Changling

H	A	R	D
S	O	F	T

Change the word Hard into Soft with only six intervening links, altering one letter at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

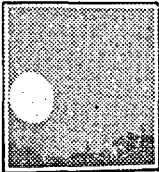
Answer next week

How Astrakhan Fur Got Its Name

ASTRAKHAN is a choice fur made from the skins of a certain variety of sheep found in Bokhara, Persia, and Syria, which first came to Western Europe from Astrakhan. For genuine astrakhan fur only the skins of very young sheep are used, but there are now many cheap imitations of astrakhan.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

MOLES are now busily at work throwing up their hillocks. A few flowers are still to be found, including furze, polyanthus, and daisy. Berries still remain on the privet bushes. The stoat is wearing his white winter coat in the northern counties.



Looking South 10 p.m., Dec. 12

Proverbs About Idleness

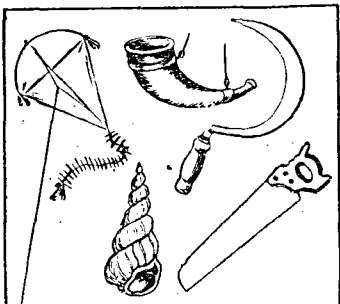
HE that does nothing finds helpers. By doing nothing we learn to do ill. A pound of idleness weighs twenty ounces. Idle dogs worry sheep. Idleness is the key of beggary. No man should live in the world that has nothing to do in it. The tongue of idle persons is never idle. They that do nothing learn to do ill. He that doth nothing doth ever amiss.

Magic Figures

HERE is a remarkable trick with figures. By taking the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0 and reversing, adding, and subtracting them it is possible to make the answer come to nothing. This is how it is done:

Reversed	1234567890
Subtracted	0987654321
Reversed	246913569
Reversed	965319642
Added	1212233211
Reversed	1123322111
Added	2335555332
Reversed	2335555332
Subtracted	0000000000

A Picture Puzzle



FIND the names of the objects shown here, and then, by taking one letter from each word, spell the names of (1) an article of dress worn by men and boys, (2) footwear, (3) something worn with footwear, (4) fasteners for clothing. Answer next week

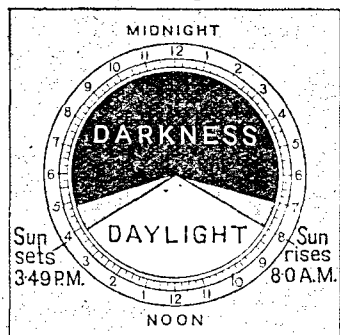
Ici On Parle Français



La figue Une oie Le cadre

La figue est un fruit rafraîchissant. On mange de l'oie à la Saint Michel. Voici un cadre: il n'y a rien dedans.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

Jacko Drives a Donkey

FATHER JACKO flung down a letter he had been reading in disgust. "There appear to be more donkeys in the world than I imagined!" he remarked.

"The more the merrier," said Jacko brightly.

"None of your nonsense, my boy!" replied Mr. Jacko angrily. "One in the family is enough at a time." Then he turned to Mrs. Jacko and explained matters.

"Matilda has bought a donkey and a donkey-cart," he said with disgust. "I should have thought her experience with her car would have made her more sensible."

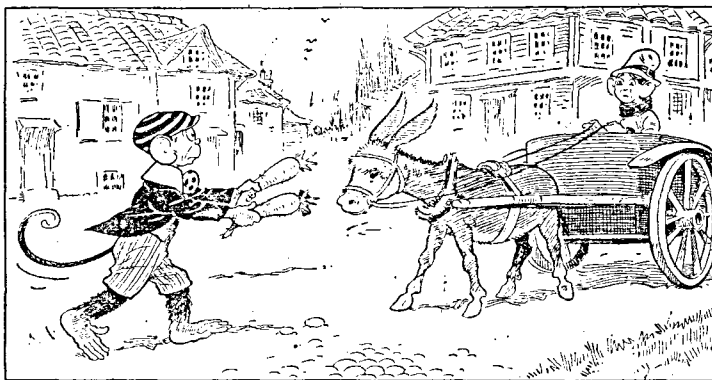
"She called it a car," remarked Adolphus dryly.

"And quite a good car it was too," chimed in Jacko, "till the bottom fell through."

"Suited you down to the ground, didn't it?" said Adolphus. "I suppose you're going to offer to drive the donkey!"

Jacko didn't wait for any further remarks, but flew round to his Aunt Matilda.

"Ah, Jacko, I was hoping you would come along," she said.



"I thought you could manage a donkey better than this, Jacko"

"I'll give you sixpence if you will take me for a drive in my new donkey-cart."

"Done!" said Jacko, beaming. "Get in!"

They both climbed into the small cart, and the donkey set off, clattering down the High Street as if it were trying to make a new record in speed.

"This is fine!" said Jacko, holding the reins with a lordly air. "I knew you weren't a silly ass, Auntie."

"What was that, my dear? No, of course he isn't," said Aunt Matilda. "He's a very knowing donkey."

Rather too knowing, Jacko thought after a bit. As soon as they had outstripped every horse on the road the donkey began to slow down, until eventually it just walked along the lanes, stopping to eat whatever it fancied.

Three miles from Aunt Matilda's house it stopped, and remained stock still. Nothing Jacko did could make it budge.

"Dear me!" said Aunt Matilda. "I knew donkeys could be rather obstinate. However, I brought some carrots with me in case it got hungry."

She produced a basket of large carrots, and gave the donkey one or two of them. But still it would not move.

"Jacko," said his aunt in a pained voice, "I thought you could manage a donkey better than this. I think I had better get in while you walk in front with the carrots. He's sure to find that attractive."

Jacko didn't seem to find the plan half as attractive as the donkey did. However, there was nothing else for it, so back they went to the town, Jacko coaxing the donkey along, a carrot within an inch of its nose.

Just as they reached the town again Jacko heard Adolphus's voice: "Well, it certainly takes an ass to catch an ass!"

Jacko bolted. Unfortunately the donkey bolted too, and, to Jacko's indignation, it raced him to Aunt Matilda's door!

Aunt Matilda never forgave Jacko for frightening her poor donkey—and Adolphus wouldn't let him forget it if she did.

A Bird in Hiding

IN the timber but not in the plank,
In the tinkle and also in clank,
In the apple but not in the pear,
In the caution and also in care,
In the pocket but not in coat,
In the crown piece and also in groat,
In the portion but not in the whole,
In the journey and also in stroll,
In the dairy but not in the farm,
My whole is a bird that does much harm.

Answer next week

Is Your Name Harper?

THIS name, like Piper and others, is an indication that the ancestor of the persons now bearing the name was a musician and played on the harp. Vidler is a changed spelling of Fiddler and Trumper is the same as trumpeter.

A Hidden Proverb

WHAT popular proverb can be made by using all these letters?
AABBDDEEHHHHHHHHNNNOO
RRSSTTTTUWW? Answer next week

DR. MERRYMAN

Force of Habit

A KIND-HEARTED mistress was writing a letter at the dictation of her maid, who was rather a poor hand at that sort of thing. At the end she asked: Is there anything more you wish me to say?

No, Mum, thank you, Mum, was the reply; only—Please excuse bad writing and spelling!

Trying to be Pleasant

HOW beautifully you played that! I'm so glad you liked it. I hope you didn't hear the wrong note? Which one?

The Point of View

TOMPKINS (by the fire at home, reading his paper): Channel Tunnel scheme thrown out again. And a good job too! Most unpatriotic. We'll keep Britain an island in spite of them.

The same Tompkins (crossing the Channel in a gale the following summer): That Channel Tunnel idea wasn't a bad one. Good deal of sense in it. Go right through by train. English so backward in this kind of thing.

Just Right

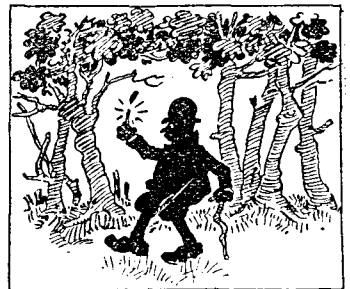
WHERE shall I catch the London express?

You'll catch it all over you if you don't come off that level-crossing this very moment!

Tiresome Creature

IRISH Innkeeper: Where's Biddy? Out, d'ye say? Bad luck to her! She goes out twenty times for once that she comes in!

Lighting-Up Time



A POULTRY-FARMER in a wood Got lost—his name was Hatch. He couldn't strike a path and so He had to strike a match!

The Best in the Circumstances

LADY Guardian (who had arranged for a treat for the old people in the workhouse, but had been prevented from attending or seeing to it herself): Well, Matron, how did the party go off? I hope you gave them a good dinner?

The Matron: Oh, yes, Mrs. Manning, a very good dinner. I ventured to get them the biggest goose that was to be had in your absence.

In the Potato Patch

FINE day! How do you find the crop this year? Same way as last year. By digging for it.

Acting By Deputy

GROWLED a surly old farmer of Shoreham, "When folks trespass I simply ignore—ham; But my bull, who runs free, Has instructions from me To pursue the intruders and gore—ham!"

In a Scottish Cathedral

THIS is Gothic, isn't it? No, Ma'am, this is Presbyterian!

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle

A Word Square

S A L E

A S I A

L I D S

E A S Y

Who Am I?

Peter Puck.

A Riddle in Rhyme.

Bed:

Sale, gale, sole, sage, salt.

ORDER	NAMES
NE	VOWEL
IP	ETRELS
OP	ENY
OP	AL
NE	ST
ST	SWELL
AT	PEACOCK
SC	ENAP
HER	EV
SE	LECT
US	DI
TE	ASE
DRI	ET

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

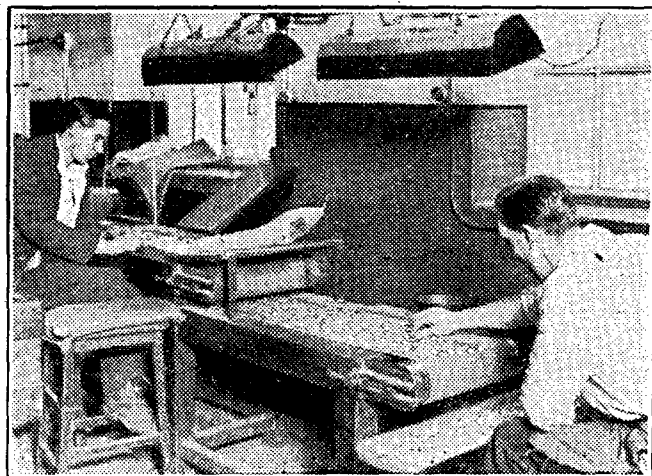
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 10, 1927

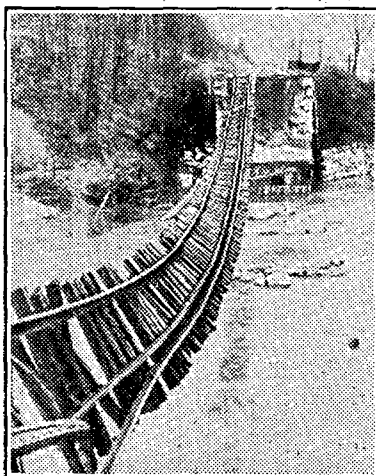
Every Thursday, 2d.

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MAKING THE NEW MONEY · BOYS BUILD A GLIDER · LONDON'S GIANT CRANE



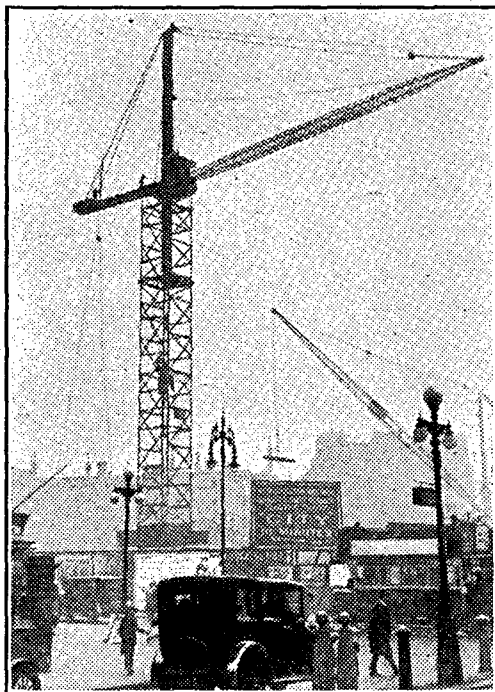
Making the New Money—The Mint is now hard at work on the new silver money, and this picture shows the finished coins being inspected. They are turned over as they pass from one endless band to the other.



After the Flood—The recent floods in Massachusetts washed away this bridge and left the railway lines suspended.



Boys Build a Glider—Three German schoolboys have lately collected about £3 and built the glider seen in this picture. They are now hoping to purchase a big rubber catapult to launch the machine into the air.



An Engineering Marvel—A giant crane of unusual design is at work in Baker Street, London. It has a single leg, 150 feet high, instead of the usual three supports.



Winter Sports Begin—At some of the Swiss resorts the snow is already deep, and many British people are preparing for their winter holidays. Here we see two children enjoying their first toboggan ride of the season.



A Walk Above London—Here is the arm of the crane shown on the left, with two workmen walking along it as calmly as if they were on the pavement far below.



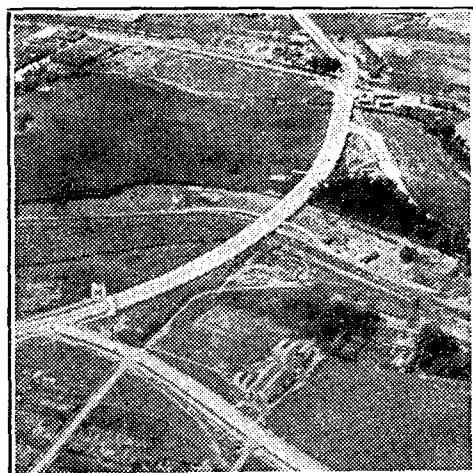
Twenty Twins at One School—These pictures are a remarkable addition to the C.N. gallery of twins in schools. The ten pairs of twins are all at an East London school. See page 4.



Ski-ing in Holborn—These Swiss ski experts are demonstrating on artificial snow in a London shop.



Making the Pudding—Here we see some girls at the Royal Caledonian School, Bushey, making Christmas puddings. They are giving one of the boys a taste.



Great New Viaduct—This long, wide viaduct over the Lea Marshes, Essex, has just been opened.

THE BRITON WHO DUG HIMSELF IN—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER

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